The Mirror of Life

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. (Aldershot).—Thanks for compliment.

G. W. (Liverpool).—We are sorry to say it was crowded out this week.

L. H. (Manchester).—We have no desire to accept that class of advertising.

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S. W. (Dover).—We do not deal in that class of literature, neither do we encourage its circulation.

Subscriber.—"The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" will be sent you, post-free, on receipt of one shilling.

Athlete.—Be more explicit in your explanation, and we can then give you our opinion.

Owing to the strike at the Fleet Printing Works, our edition was rather late getting about last week. Still we advanced above a thousand copies in our circulation, and have many increased orders for this issue. The Mirror of Life, like good wine, improves with age. Just such a journal as ours is what the sport-loving public of Great Britain crave for, and each week only serves to strengthen subsequent editions. All who love straightforward and interesting sporting gossip, make no hesitation in singing the praises of The Mirror of Life, and freely state that each department of our journal is filled by the right man in the right place.

* * *

The Mirror of Life makes no boast of a large staff of noted scribes, but has each department presided over by men who have had practical knowledge of the branch of sporting he comments upon. The paper is not in the field to advertise its employees, or make them notorious amongst the fraternity, but utilises its space to acquaint the public with men and matters they are most interested in. Such a course must certainly meet with the approbation of our readers. We have no favourites to boom, and shall always place friend and foe on equal footing when commenting on events of the past, present, or future. We have received several letters asking us why we are "so sore on Corbett." All we can state is that our staff are personally acquainted with the American pugilist, and the best of good feeling has always prevailed. Because Corbett and our writers are old friends that is no reason why we should try to conceal his wrong-doings. Let Corbett come forward like a man, and tell the truth about our country, and agree to fight Jackson or Fitzsimmons, and we shall be the very first to sing his praises, and give him full credit for his ability as a pugilist.

* * * *

Such scenes as enacted at the Goodwin Gymnasium the other night are what bring the manly art in bad odour with the better classes. The fighters themselves are not to blame for such outbursts, and of late they themselves have realised the importance of good conduct and civility to elevate glove-fighting to a profitable plane. The element always in search of trouble comprise those who wouldn't pay a bob to see the best match ever arranged decided. In former years they were deemed a requisite acquisition in a fighter's corner to break up a mill when the man they were "heeling" for was on the verge of defeat. Modern matches, however, pure and too good a purse to occasion the attendance of the unruly element. It is to be hoped that men who manage boxing shows will exert their influence to discourage the attendance of such a class of ruffians by refusing them admittance to club meetings.

* * *

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and his adviser, Denny Butler, are now on the ocean, and a week from to-day they will land in England. The black feller is after the Jackson style for second honours. He is a quiet, unassuming fellow, and during training, liquors, nor tea tobacco in any form, and, best of all, he refrains from mingling with the vampires who make it a practice to take up with successful pugilists and moneyed men who are fond of sport. His fight with John O'Brien will create more interest than any event that has been decided here since the mill between Jackson and Slavin.

* * *

Colonel Malcolm G. Fox, Inspector-General of Gymnasia for the British Army, must indeed feel proud of the success he has attained in popularising boxing amongst the members of the Army. Nothing but words of praise are heard amongst the gentlemen who admire the game for the gallant Colonel's efforts, and the fact that he was honoured by Imperial and Royal patronage, is sufficient evidence that the Aldershot tournament will figure as one of the greatest sporting events of the year.

* * *

Miss Florrie West, the pretty, talented soubrette who appeared here with the "Gentleman Jack" Company as one of the stars, certainly displayed good judgment when she declined to return to the States in a second cabin when Corbett availed himself of a first-class ticket. Corbett poses as a magnanimous fellow and of a gallant disposition, but his making a request of such a star as Miss West to travel inferior to himself is hardly in keeping with his pretensions. Miss West went her own way, and paid for a passage out of her pocket rather than be made little of.

* * *

There is every prospect of a match being arranged between Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, and Tom Williams, of Aldershot, at 10 stone. The latter expressed himself as desirous of getting a customer when in conversation with a reporter of The Mirror of Life representative at Aldershot a fortnight since. His views were published in our last issue, and Boyle immediately communicated with us, stating that he was prepared to quench the thirst of Williams for gore. Both men are good fighters, and just the element that seek newspaper notoriety, hence a fine mill may be anticipated when they come together.

* * *

The last of October the people will be afforded an opportunity of welcoming Jabez Balfour back to this country. Much credit is due to Inspector Tonbridge and the Scotland Yard folks for their persevering efforts in returning a much-wanted man to his native heath.

* * *

We are on the eve of a revival in sprint handicaps. So long as the big events don't clash and the affairs are conducted in a honest fashion they are bound to be successful.

* * *

It looks as though the Birmingham sports are taking an interest in boxing once more. Several contests are on the tapis to occur there in the autumn, and, judging from the success which attended the recent events, the coming ones are pretty sure to be remunerative to those who manage them.

* * *

Americans appear to find Reading rather a hard city to get along in. We understand that of late several have been deprived of their belongings, and deemed themselves fortunate in escaping without a thorough whipping in the bargain. The authorities are on the alert for some of the characters who prey upon strangers, and any that fall into their clutches will be placed in an institution where they will not be at liberty to ply their nefarious schemes for many a day.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will materially add to it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

MISS MINNA WOOKEY.

A British Lady who is the Female American Swimming Champion.

(With Portrait.)

When Miss Minna Wookey swam a mile with hands and feet tied at Bristol August 14, she performed a remarkable feat for a lady. She is well known in Bristol, being the daughter of the proprietor of the Royal Oak Hotel. She won the Championship in 1884-5-6, when but a mere girl, and on October 1, 1892, she broke the record for female swimming at 100yds. Miss Wookey commenced practising the art of swimming at eight years of age and since that time she has won prizes all over England. These consist of over thirty gold and silver medals, together with innumerable others in the shape of gold and silver watches, marble clock, a stand, two diamond rings, tea servers, tea pots, several brooches, toilet requisites, &c. It was at Rochdale that she became fully Champion and at Plymouth she was as successful as to win three races in one day, the chief of these being open to all ladies in England. Miss Wookey holds both the Ladies' Amateur 100yds record (1min 38sec) and the 1[illegible] record (1min 39·2 sec). On one occasion Miss Wookey suffered defeat [illegible] swimming in the sea [illegible] through, circumstances and surroundings being altogether different from anything she had been used to in fresh water, she has never been other than successful, and should she again try the briny, her past experience would stand her in good stead.

Miss Wookey, when giving an exhibition, illustrates:—

Saving life from drowning; refreshing on the chest and side; the overhand stroke; sculling on the water; imitation of a steam-tug; swimming on the chest, using hands only; hands behind thighs (a difficult feat); swimming with one hand; without using hands, feet first on the back; backwards on the chest; with one hand and one leg; like a dog; like a crab; sleeping on the water; spinning like a top; swimming on the back with hands and feet tied, and diving, bathing in the water.

It's all up with me, groaned Skylite, as he sank on the eighth stairway, endeavouring to reach his flat after a hard day's labour.

HINTS FROM THE EDITOR.

We Hope for Reform.—When labour and capital fall out, then comes the tug-of-war. A fortnight ago we got a quiet tip that it was two to one on us not being able to hand out our papers when the proper time arrived. Had we not purchased a hand truck we should not have cared, but going to such a great expense, we felt a trifle uneasy for fear the Boss would decide it not only for extravagance, but negligence in doing our duty.

We have already declared that we were forced to put every line of the paper, pack up parcels, carry them around to the wholesale agents, sweep up the office, and occasionally resort to a little boot-polishing; consequently our time is pretty well occupied. When it came to an issue for us to fold our own papers before they were delivered our courage well-nigh gave out. Two good pints of fourpenny braced us up, however, and when the females who should have done the folding struck it behoved us to grasp hold of our wife's apron and get down to solid down. Folding papers is no easy task for one not accustomed to it, so it was a case of trial from the moment we started till the time we left off. The room where we were at work presented the appearance of a large ward in a hospital, because a dozen or more of them who had done a double turn were lost in peaceful slumber. Securing a fair-sized stick, we made the rounds rapping the soles of their feet. How those coves did hop! Well, we got them to help us out, and though it was necessary to jobs a pin in them occasionally to keep them awake, we got there, and as a reward for our struggle we shall draw an extra box a week in future.

* * *

One District Assistant. Last winter we permitted a fellow in ridiculous attire [illegible] to chalk [illegible] Crowds of people followed him, and [illegible] a huge laugh. [illegible] he was paid to make a fool of himself, and didn't care how many people [illegible] him, in fact, "the more the merrier," as the old saying goes. We had a similar experience the other day, which we shall not soon forget. We [illegible] carrying a half a ton of paper upon our shoulders from the office last [illegible] some cove whom we suspect was [illegible] inscribed in large letters [illegible] back the word "Hats." [illegible] so many [illegible] for us to pass by, and before we had walked a mile a dozen or more dogs were trailing behind, snapping and barking as if desirous to capture some object. One of the yelpers, with more courage than the others, jumped at us and tore the entire back of our coat out. It was then that we were acquainted with the fact that our dignity had been assailed. We are in search of the wretch who has held us up to ridicule, and whether it be a machine-minder or a paper folder in perfectoats who does the jobbing shall lose our temper to such an extent that there will be a funeral in the vicinity where the miscreant resides.

THEY BET JEWELLERY AND THEIR BOOTS.

A Battle which Aroused a Discussion at Young Sharkey's.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In California the ladies are occasionally fond of making a little wager, and, what's more, they stick to it. It would display bad taste to attend any of the fashionable resorts where bets are maintained, but manage to bring battles to a standstill occasionally in their drawing-rooms. Some are adept at heeling and handling birds, and can judge as well as most experts when they get a game one. According to report a main was decided at a swell residence in Los Angeles recently, and was the means of bringing together a score of society ladies. They bet money freely, and soon as some of them had lost what they had, they chanced fortune by risking jewels, one going so far as to bet her boots against a two-dollar bill.

MEMOIRS OF TOM CRIBB.

(Concluded.)

Three Veterans.

Men who could Fight.

Money their Secondary Consideration.

Amongst those who attended the battle between Cribb and Gregson at Mousley Hurst, October 25, 1808, were the Duke of York, Lords Craven, Somerville, Barrymore, Brook, and Yarmouth, and good numbers of the young nobility and gentry.

Never were men better attended within the ropes (30ft) than on this occasion, and at half-past twelve Cribb and Gregson entered at opposite points, the first man followed by Gully and Bill Gibbons; Gregson by Jem Belcher and Richmond. The first round, both hit ineffectually; in the second, Cribb avoided three well-meant blows of his adversary, planted two body blows and a cutting facer, whence flowed first blood, and, in a mutual rally, threw his man.

No harm done yet. In the third round, Gregson, quite alive, flew at Cribb, and put in a blow under the ear that Tom did not completely recover from through the fight; he stepped back, Gregson following with too little caution, and at every move poor Bob's head stopped just as many blows as he advanced paces, say, seven or eight. Science he had none, but stupefaction plenty; all those blows were good, neither amounting to a knock-down, but all told and affected him to the centre, where he sunk.

In the fourth Cribb stood in need of breathing time, and he fell in making play—à la mode de Bristole.

The next round, his second having put him up to it, Gregson sparred for the first hit, which he obtained—a wicked blow put in upon the temple of Tom, who in turn seemed stupefied and all abroad, and thereupon in a rally he was knocked off his legs. Here Bob was wrong again, he now ought to have milled away jollily, hit him in the mark, and, indeed, done as he liked with him. In the following round Gregson resumed his wonted impetuosity, and suffered in consequence every time to the thirteenth round, when he showed signs of weakness, while Cribb gained speed wine and fresh spirits, though not distinguishable upon the muscles of his face, they were so disfigured. Gregson's in the same state, his mouth sadly cut. Up to the twenty-second round the same series of milling continued, Cribb punching away, and Gregson once knocking his man down, and, at the last, giving him the Lancashire purr with so much effect that Tom fell as if to rise no more, and the feeling that he could not come again induced bets to that effect—10 to 1, "done"—but bottom does it after science is forgotten, and he appeared at the scratch for the twenty-third time. But they could not, any more than babies, so they struggled like old women. Gregson was thrown, and when Time was called could not come again; but the words were scarcely pronounced when Cribb fell as if he had swooned away.

Pluck, however, and a sense of mental injuries received from Richmond during the contest, incited him to offer the black a set-to at once for £50; that which characterise the Bristol boys, to a hair, double battles being usual, but could not be allowed. Throughout the affair Richmond had been playing his monkey tricks, making wry mouths at Tom, and entertaining a good deal at every vicissitude that befel him, a mode of conduct that should have been discouraged. Mr. Methuen presented Cribb with £100 for his gallant behaviour. Cribb next beat Jem Belcher, in a second meeting, in thirty-one rounds, occupying forty minutes, for 200 guineas, at Epsom Downs, February 1, 1809. He vanquished Tom Molineaux, the black, in fifty-five minutes, during which time thirty-nine rounds had been contested, at Copthall Common, December 10, 1810, and in a second meeting with Molineaux, at Thistleton Gap, Leicester, September 28, 1811, for £300, he made the black cry enough in twenty rounds, during which eleven rounds were contested. He was presented with

A Championship Cup.

at Castle Tavern, Holborn, December 20, 1811.

After beating Carter in a room fight in Oxenden Street, February 1, 1820, he abandoned pugilism. He died in High Street, Woolwich, May 11, 1848, a monument being erected to his memory in Woolwich churchyard, May 1, 1851.

Jack Power

was an exceedingly clever boxer, and at one period of his life bid fair to have proved himself a champion had not the hand of death arrested his progress. As a 12st man he was the cleverest boxer of his day. Intemperance was the cause of his downfall. His constitution, originally good, was completely undermined from the pernicious effects of drinking liquor. He was a distinguished favourite of the Fancy, and much lauded by the higher class patrons of the manly art. It was this circumstance that caused his ruin. Their praises elated him beyond measure; but it was their excess of friendship in keeping him too well supplied with drink that ultimately proved his destruction. His constitution became touched, and, from the rupture of a blood vessel, he became seriously indisposed; in fact, his recovery was for some time doubtful; but by the aid of country air and good medical advice he returned to London in excellent spirits, and his health appeared materially improved. Power's physician, however, warned him of the serious danger that must ensue to him should he ever be induced again to enter the ring; but Jack, whose desire for milling was never exceeded by any of the professors, only laughed at these admonitions, and was not deterred from fighting by any systematic prudential maxims. Dreading the charge of being termed a coward he accepted a challenge given by Carter. The backers of the latter were induced to lay it on thick against Power from their knowledge of his weakened condition, and more especially in being supported by the opinion of a celebrated anatomist, that Jack couldn't fight half an hour from his consumptive state. His manhood in this fight was above all praise. His superior display and knowledge of the science astonished all the veterans present, and the spectators were lost in amazement at beholding a man continuing a desperate conflict in direct opposition to his nature. His mind outlived his strength, and Jack was determined he would either conquer or be annihilated in the attempt. His daring fame was now established by the most experienced of the Fancy as a first-rate bottom man and a scientific pugilist. It is true that he proved the conqueror, but it is equally true that he lost his life in consequence of this battle. At a sparring exhibition which took place at the Fives Court, soon after the above fight, when Jack attended merely as a visitor, and Carter was present, several patrons expressed a desire to witness a set-to between them. It proved a sharp and decisive bout in favour of Power, who returned to Plough Court, Fetter Lane, in an exhausted condition, where he died June 2, 1813. He commenced boxing when a lad, and his opening fight with Dougherty pourtrayed such superior science in punishing that game pugilist as to astonish all who attended. He secured many victories and but for his untimely death at the age of 23 years, he would have made his mark in the fistic world. He was buried June 7, 1813, at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Jack Lancaster

was a lively, game, and scientific boxer, and could his hands have been depended upon, he would have achieved fame among pugilists of his weight. From the scientific style displayed by Lancaster in vanquishing Martin, the Jew, a subscription purse was entered into of £25 that he might have a trial of skill at Wilsden, in Middlesex, on June 14, 1813, with Frere, a pugilist of no mean quality, and who took twenty-five minutes milling from Power, when that pugilist was in his prime, before he cried enough. Martin, it seems, anxious to recover his lost laurels, again entered the ring with Lancaster at Coombe-Warren, on October 13, 1813, for twenty guineas-a-side and a purse. The battle was a protracted one, lasting three hours and thirty-five minutes, during which time 195 rounds were contested. For the last half-hour the Jew was the favourite, as Lancaster was quite blind and worn out. He wouldn't stop, but kept at it till nature gave out, and he lost through being unable to come to the scratch. His right hand was disabled after the first twenty minutes, and when he was put to bed, the bruises he had received so thoroughly changed his appearance that he might have been taken for a black man. Although the Jew gained the day he experienced fully a hundred falls during the fight.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Breeder and Judge of English Terriers and Hotel Proprietor of Birmingham.

(With Portrait.)

Amongst canine fanciers, the name of Mr. George Williams, the popular host of the Greyhound Hotel, Birmingham, stands high. He is owner of the celebrated terrier Prince (sire of Major Dixon, winner at the National Dog Show, Birmingham, 1889), also of Bange, first prize-winner at the National Dog Show, Birmingham, 1891; first prize at Bolton, 1891; second prize Crystal Palace, London; first prize in Brnie, Crystal Palace; first prize Bury Dog Show; first and special prizes at Derby, Liverpool, and Bath; first prize at the Crystal Palace, 1892; first and special prizes and fifty guinea challenge cup at Liverpool. Mr. Williams is also owner of a grand dog, "Mona's Isle," champion of his class at local shows, and other canine champions.

FLO PENLEY.

A Charming and Clever Serio-Comic who has Attained Music Hall Fame.

(With Portrait.)

A charming young artiste is Miss Flo Penley, and one destined to fulfil a big part on the variety stage. She is nineteen years of age, and is the especial *protege* of Miss Katie Lawrence, to whose kindness and friendship she owes her present success. Miss Penley, at ten years of age, became a pupil of Madam Katti Lanner, and after a course of study appeared in the Comedy, Manchester, in company with Miss Peggy Pryde and Mr. Harry Randall. She was afterwards engaged to play in "Dick Whittington" at the Crystal Palace, the Theatre Royal, Richmond, and Covent Garden, where she appeared in Italian Opera. She then joined her sister, and the pair worked the halls under the title of the sisters Fortescue, and during the partnership appeared in pantomimes at the Grand Theatre, Cardiff, and the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. Miss Penley then launched out as a serio-comic and dancer on her own account; and in company with Miss Katie Lawrence has appeared at most of the principal halls in the Midlands and the North with great success. She is engaged to play Cinderella in the next pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E., and her future bookings include the Palace, Douglas, Isle of Man, Liverpool, and nearly all the big cities.

ADVICE NOT ALWAYS BEST TO FOLLOW.

How a Tout Explains the most Approved Way to See a Race.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Jockeys are not the kind to accept many chances nowadays, and therefore find it more profitable in the long run to ride for a win, however hopeless the task may appear. About the stable doors frequently lurk characters who are ever ready to show the best way to see a race, and when they do find a jockey who is foolish enough to accept their advice, backed up by promises, it invariably terminates in a disastrous manner for the rider who has been led by temptation to test the strength of his arms.

A jockey who is once under suspicion finds a hard road before him, and he not only loses caste with the public, but finds owners wary of trusting him in an important race.

DOMINICK PIANTA.

Celebrated Scottish Swimmer and Water Polo Player.

(With portrait.)

Dominick Pianta is of Swiss nativity, although so long and closely identified with business and sport in Glasgow. He was born in Brusio, in the Canton of Grison, Switzerland, in February, 1867, and is therefore in his 27th year.

He has been resident in Glasgow for the past ten years. He has been an active member of the Glasgow Southside Club for the past six years, and has won the principal prizes for fast swimming in club and open races. He has a rare turn of speed, and his muscular power and weight makes him almost invincible as a polo player, although his tactics are more forcible than scientific. He is possessed of a splendid physique, and no doubt but for his nationality he would have been chosen to represent Scotland in one or more of the international matches. He stands 5ft 8in in height, and scales 13st 7lb.

CHARLES R. (WAG) HARDING.

The Fastest of England's Representative Scullers.

(With Portrait.)

Charles R., better known as Wag Harding, is the fastest of England's representative oarsmen. His latest achievement was the winning of the single scull race at the National Regatta held on the Thames, when he easily disposed of George Bubear. He was born at Chelsea, May 30, 1868, stands 5ft 5½in, and weighed the day of the race 9st 5lb. Won Chelsea Coat and Badge on September 8, 1883, beating in final heat Priest, Meredith, and Eager. Won Putney Coat and Badge, September 26, 1884. Won T.R.C. sculling handicap from scratch; with H. Thomas, won Pairs at Battersea Regatta; won handicap, promoted by Mr. W. Winch, of White Hart, Barnes. His first real important race was winning Dogget's Coat and Badge in 1889, when he gave sure signs of developing into a good sculler sooner or later. In 1890, won Limited Sculls £50 in National Regatta, and finished third in final heat of Fours, with H. Clasper, T. Green, and J. Carter. Beat Jacob Tyrrell from Putney to Mortlake for £25 a-side, and was beaten by Dubber Follett for £40 a-side, Putney to Mortlake, in the same year. Won G and Fours in the Surrey United R.C., and was beaten by John Corcoran by half a length in the Surrey United R.C. Challenge Cup. Then, in 1891, Harding won the Open Sculls at the National Regatta, beating in the final W. G. East, J. Corcoran, and Dubber Follett, equalling the record between bridges. He was third for the Champion Fours with T. Gibson, J. Gibson, and G. Gibson. Beat G. Norvell on the Tyne for £50 a-side. Won the *Lock to Lock Times* double-sculling prize with H. Nicholls. In 1892, rowed second to Bubear for the National Regatta Open Sculls, and second in the Champion Fours with Wingate, Barry, and Nicholls, after a fine race. Won the Searle Memorial Challenge Cup Handicap with 5sec from Bubear on March 25, 1893, beating in the final Sam Emmett, 18sec; S. Wingate, 8sec; and rowed second in Champion Fours, with East, Emmett, and Corcoran. In the Open Sculls, Bubear and Harding repeatedly fouled, and the last-named declined to start on the following day. Harding trained Sullivan for his race with Bubear, and at about this time won an oak skiff, presented by the *Sun* paper, beating W. A. Barry, W. Pearce, and "Doggett" Cobb in the final heat. Harding has rowed in three handicaps on the Tyne, and in numerous handicaps and club races on the Thames with varied success. The Chelsea lad has been the means of saving several lives from drowning, and has done well as a trainer, having superintended the Waterford R.C., Ireland, and also trained the members of the Neptune R.C., Budapest, Hungary, in 1892 and '93. February 5, 1894, he defeated Bubear in a race over the Thames Championship Course for £100 a side.

A LONDON BOXING CLUB SCENE.

A Glove Contest Broken up by a Free Fight Amongst the Audience.

IN SEARCH OF A PRETTY FOOT.

An Artist who Found it a Difficult Task to Find what he Wanted.

OBJECTED TO KISSING.

Hotel Girls who Rejected Advances of Familiarity from Two Guests and the Results Produced.

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE.

Antics not Pleasing to the Tourist.

ON LAND AND WATER.

The estate at Newmarket which belonged to the late Mr. Abington will be sold during the Second October race week. The estate extends to about 758a 1r 12p, all of which, with a trifling exception, is laid out into productive grass paddocks, specially adapted to breeding thoroughbred stock.

* * *

In Birmingham for some time past attempts have been made to suppress street betting by arresting bookmakers on a charge of obstruction, and imposing the maximum fine. On Aug. 24 a new departure was tried in not only arresting a bookmaker but a man who made a bet with him. The former was fined the usual £5, the latter, as it was the first case, was mulcted in only 5s.

* * *

As there is a good deal of talk about the America Cup, it may be well to say that Lord Dunraven has as yet come to no decision on the subject, though the chances are that he will make an attempt to wrest it from the Americans next year. If he intends to challenge the holders he must give them ten month's notice, and as the race must take place before the end of September he has still plenty of time.

* * *

The American Line steamer *New York*, which left Southampton on August 18 and arrived at New York, August 24, beat the record by fifteen minutes. She landed her passengers on the sixth day after they left London, so that passengers who had breakfasted in London on the Saturday were enabled to dine in New York on the following Friday.

* * *

The German Emperor has commissioned Mr. G. L. Watson to design for him a 20-rater, which will be built not on the Clyde but in Germany. The cutter will be ready for the next Cowes meeting, at which the Emperor will be represented also by the *Meteor*. Mr. Watson has also received an order from Sir Richard Bulkeley to design a 40-ton cruiser, which will also be ready for next year's races.

* * *

As several of the competitors in the open twelve hours cycle race held upon the Putney cement track on August 28 feel that they have not had an opportunity of doing themselves justice, in consequence of the inclement weather; as also the fact that the funds of the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney can in no way benefit financially as a result of the unfortunate elements on that occasion, Mr. Percy Litchfield has decided to make another attempt and organise another similar race. The fresh date is fixed for Thursday, September 20, and entries addressed to Percy Litchfield, 15, Park Road, New Wandsworth, accompanied by the fee of 7s. 6d., will close on September 10.

* * *

At Berlin on Oct. 4 will be run the First Berlin International Steeplechase (handicap—gentlemen), of 1,250 sovs; a piece of valuable plate, given by Prince Furstenberg, to the rider of the winning horse; the second horse to receive 200 sovs, the third 125 sovs, the fourth 75 sovs, the fifth 50 sovs, and the sixth 30 sovs out of the stakes; all prizes warranted; for four-year-olds and upwards; about three miles and one furlong. The weights will be published on 13th Sept. in the German official racing calendar, and in the official racing calendars of Austria, Belgium, England, and France, as soon as possible thereafter. To close and name by 28th Aug., at six o'clock p.m. Most races of the International Meeting are open for horses of all countries. No difference of weight in favour of German horses has been fixed. Horses that are placed second, third, fourth, &c., still receive good sums, such as 1,000 marks (50 sovs), 500 marks (25 sovs), &c.

* * *

The Woolwich Garrison sports took place on the barrack field at Woolwich, August 24. Gunner J. Grainger, 3rd F Battery, who has been running, off and on, for something like thirty years, and who enlisted as far back as July 1, 1867, won the veterans' 220 yards race with ease; but in the other events was forcibly reminded of the old adage as to youth being served, although in the half-mile race, won by Bombardier G. Penn, 3rd F Battery (with Dr. E. Mills, A Dep. Royal Horse Artillery, second), in 2min 12sec, Grainger secured third prize. Dr. J. Brown, Army Service Corps, won the mile in 5min 13sec. About thirty events were included in the programme.

* * *

At the Ravensbourne Club's annual entertainment, at Westminster Baths, August 24, J. H. Tyers (Osborne Club, Manchester), the amateur swimming champion at all distances, won the 250 yards invitation handicap (from 13sec behind scratch) in the fast and fresh record time of 1min 42 2-5sec—a world's record—J. Nuttall's 1min 48 1-5sec being the previous best. J. H. Derbyshire, also of the Osborne Club, was second (owing 2sec), and A. A. Greene (Otter), owing 6sec, third. Won by a touch; two yards between the next two. At water polo the South beat the Midlands by 4 goals to love, and Lancashire drew with Middlesex, 4 goals all.

After further consideration Abel, the Surrey cricketer, has decided not to accompany Stoddart's team to Australialia at the end of the present season. This, of course, left a vacancy for another professional batsman; but at present Stoddart has not taken any steps to fill it. Brown, of Yorkshire, is spoken of as likely to go.

A. C. M'Laren, the Lancashire captain, has accepted an invitation to form one of Stoddart's team which is to visit Australia.

* * *

Yorkshire has been unfortunate in her race with Surrey for the cricket championship. The Southern team ran up 168 at Brighton, August 24, against Sussex, and the home team, playing in the afternoon on a wicket rendered difficult by the sun, were all disposed of for forty-four, while their second innings at the close of play had placed forty-nine to their credit for three wickets. They have, therefore, seventy-five runs to get for seven wickets to avoid a single innings defeat. At Taunton the elements as well as Somerset were fighting the Yorkshiremen, who lost the toss, and then, after getting their opponents out for ninety-nine in two hours, had only time to score three runs when rain stopped proceedings for the day. Everything, therefore, points to a draw, and in consequence to Yorkshire's loss of the championship.

* * *

With all the big racers absent except *Britannia*, and a dead calm prevailing, the proceedings at the Royal Dorset Yacht Club's Regatta were decidedly disappointing. For the 100-guinea cup offered by Lord Wolverton *Britannia* sailed once round the course, a distance of thirteen miles, which took her three hours and forty minutes. She was then declared the winner subject to the decision of the donor of the cup. For the 20-raters' race *Luna*, *Thelma*, *Asphodel*, *Deirdre*, *Zinita*, *Inyoni*, and *Dragon* started. *Zinita* crossed the line before gun fire, and had to come back, the others lying in a cluster so close together that they had to be pushed away from one another. *Inyoni* was the first to clear herself, and managed to secure a lead of six lengths before the others could get on their way. She finished her first round of thirteen miles at a quarter to three, *Luna* being nearly three minutes later, while *Zinita* was seven more behind her. *Asphodel* and *Thelma* gave up on the first round. The wind freshened a little as the evening drew on, and there was better sailing, *Inyoni* winning at 5h 46min 40sec, with *Luna* second and *Zinita* third, their times being 6h 0min 51sec, and 6h 19min 30sec respectively. *Deirdre* gave up on the second round.

* * *

The final tie for the English Baseball Championship was decided between the Thespian and Stockton teams at Balham, August 25. The Thespians retained their right to the English championship and "Dewar" Cup by beating Stockton by 24 runs, the scores being—Thespians, 38; Stockton, 14. The Thespians showed fine form, making 19 runs in the fourth innings and 10 in the fifth innings. These included several three and two bagger hits by Hunter, Bird, La Martine, and Cornwall. For the losers, Shepherd, Moorson, Shaw, and Taylor showed fine form. Shepherd, of the Stocktons, for his magnificent catching on fly, will receive a special prize.

* * *

The Polytechnic Club's 100 miles bicycle race took place at Kensal Rise, Aug. 25. In addition to gold medals for beating 5h 5min, and silver medals for 5h 45min, the cup presented by Count O'Connell was put up for competition to be won outright, and in the result this went to A. E. Walters, whose name has hitherto been associated with far shorter journeys. E. Leitch, the holder, fell when half a lap to the bad at 50 miles, and eventually retired. Ultimately, Walters won by about four miles from Busvine, the order and times of the five who finished being as follows: A. E. Walters, 4h 47min 17sec, 1; E. Busvine, 5h 1-5sec, 2; J. Laurance, 5h 3min 22 1-5sec, 3; S. J. Prevost, 5h 10min 36 1-5sec, 4; and A. O. Earl, 5h 18min 16 4-5sec, 5. Messrs. E. A. Powell and E. Perman timed.

* * *

The team of cricksters to visit Australia at the end of the season is composed of the following players:—A. E. Stoddart (Middlesex), captain; F. G. Ford (Middlesex), H. Philipson (late Oxford University), L. H. Gay (Somerset), A. C. M'Laren (Lancashire), A. Ward (Lancashire), Peel (Yorkshire), Briggs (Lancashire), Humpureys (Sussex), Richardson (Surrey), Lockwood (Surrey), Brockwell (Surrey). The above team leaves one vacancy, for which J. T. Brown, the Yorkshire professional, has been spoken of. The team leaves England on 21 September in the Orient steamer *Ophir*, and are expected to arrive home again about the second week in May.

* * *

The first long distance path race ever held in Scotland on Heriot Hill principles took place at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, August 25, under the auspices of the Waverley Roads' Club. Splendid entries had been obtained, but Association football proved too strong a counter attraction for the public, who gave the cycling but poor support. After the first hour every Scottish record was beaten up to the twelfth hour, the final placings at the latter time being: J. H. Petersen, Coventry, 236 miles 275 yards, 1; Henson, Birmingham, 229 miles 1,395 yards, 2; Bruce, Edinburgh, 224 miles 533 yards, 3; Hunt, Notts Corinthians, 222 miles 325 yards, 4.

* * *

Surrey has returned to the position of leader in county cricket, which, after she had been second to none for six years, had come almost to be looked upon as hers by right, until Yorkshire ousted her from it last season. The Northerners have been simply washed out of the championship this year, inasmuch as wet entirely prevented one of their matches with Kent, and it was directly due to rain that they were unable to play out the game with Somerset on August 25. At the same time, it must be remembered that, although a victory at Taunton would have made them level with their rivals, the latter had beaten them on both the occasions on which they met, and on one of these by the handsome margin of ten wickets. Middlesex and Lancashire have also finished their championship contests, and the former stands third on the championship list, while the other is bracketed fourth with Kent, whose battles are not yet over.

* * *

Among the batsmen of the champion county Brockwell is well to the front with an average of 34, while he is followed by Street with 28. W. W. Read, although only third, has shown no decline from his last year's figure. Of the bowlers Richardson has done remarkably well with 120 wickets, at 11 1-3 apiece. Next him is F. E. Smith, a useful addition to the team, with a record of 14. There is no Brockwell among Yorkshire's bats, but F. S. Jackson, who tops the list with 28, further enforces his claim to a high rank among all-round cricksters by his excellent position among the bowlers with an average of less than 13½. J. T. Brown has done well with the bat, and Wainwright and Peel head the bowling list with 10 and 11 respectively, Hirst coming third with 13. As to Middlesex, T. C. O'Brien stands first with a batting average of 34.9, but the others show a falling-off all round. Bathurst secured seventeen wickets for 11 runs each, and J. T. Hearn and Baylin, who have both improved, are second and third with a record of a little over 14 apiece.

* * *

August 25 was a busy day for golfers in the south of England, but poor scores were made owing to the weather. The principal results:—Handicap Challenge Medal: Mr. R. Thompson, 91 less 4—87.

Royal West Norfolk Club.—Monthly Medal: Mr. H. Savory, 102 less 17—85.

Willesden Club.—Monthly Medal: Mr. J. P. Anderson, 92 less 14—78.

Cinque Ports Club.—Monthly Medal:—Mr. J. D. Dixon, 102 less 16—86.

West Herts Club.—"Bogey" Medal Competitions: Handicaps of 12 and under, Mr. D. W. Prsham, 3 down; Handicaps over 12, Mr. J. Jackson, 5 down.

Royal Eastbourne Club.—Monthly Medal and two-thirds of the sweepstakes: Mr. R. H. Ellis, 98 less 18—80; one-thirds of the sweepstakes: Captain Swinford, 91 less 81. Warwickshire Club.—Club Cup: Mr. F. G. Abell, 84 less 5—79.

Neaden Club.—Senior Medal: Mr. A. L. Foley, 84 net; Junior Medal, Mr. R. Taubmann, 103 less 25—78.

TOO HANDY WITH A RAZOR.

About midnight on Saturday, August 25, a sensational wife murder was perpetrated in Oldham. Job Wilshaw Whitehead, window-blind maker, has been separated from his wife about three weeks, and on Saturday, at midnight, when his wife arrived at her brother's residence, the man put his arm round her neck, and with the right hand is alleged to have cut her throat with a razor, nearly severing the head from the body. He then attempted to cut his own throat, but the wound is not of a fatal character. An onlooker took the razor from Whitehead, who then ran several hundred yards and jumped into a mill reservoir. After swimming the reservoir he returned home. The tragedy took place in a busy thoroughfare, and being Oldham wakes, many people were returning home at the time of the occurrence. A few yards from the scene is a doctor's residence, but the woman died before reaching the surgery. The body was taken to the mortuary. About one o'clock Sergeant Dalton went to Whitehead's house in Moor Street, and found the back and front doors secured. After the officer had knocked at the doors for some little time Whitehead opened the front door, saying, "I am here." Dalton, noticing blood and the wound on his throat, remarked, "Have you been doing something to yourself?" The accused said, "Yes; I tried to cut my throat, and then tried to drown myself in Crabtree Mill Reservoir, but I could not manage it." Whitehead, who had taken some of the wet clothing off, was then cautioned and charged with wilfully murdering his wife. He asked, "Is she dead?" The officer rejoined, "Yes," and the man observed, "This is all through a gay life." On the kitchen floor was found a pair of trousers, a shirt, and necktie, all very wet and stained.

TRAIN ROBBERS IN AMERICA.

A daring train robbery was committed near Chicago, August 24. An outward goods train on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway arrived at Deerfield station about one o'clock, when two masked men entered the guard's van, and after robbing the conductor shot one of the company's detectives named Owens dead. The ruffians then fled and boarded a south-bound goods train, which reached Mayfair at twenty minutes past five. Here another detective named M'Grath attempted to arrest them, and received three bullets inflicting serious wounds. The men then left the train and took refuge in the woods, where they were surrounded. Five Chicago policemen advanced to capture them, but they made a most desperate resistance, and a regular fusillade ensued, fully a hundred shots being fired. Both men were eventually wounded, and were then taken into custody and lodged in gaol there.

COURTSHIP IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

How the Slaves of the Southern States Won a Wife in Days Gone By.

Among the slaves there were regular forms of courtship, says a writer in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore," and almost every large plantation had an experienced old slave who instructed young gallants in the way in which they should go in the delicate matter of winning the girls of their choice. "Uncle Gilbert" was the shoemaker on the plantation where there were a hundred slaves. He was very learned in the art of courtship, and it was to his shop the slave lads went for instruction. I never had the honour of being one of the old man's pupils, being too young when I knew him to make inquiry along the courtship line, but I tracked many young men to Uncle Gilbert's shop in the interest of general gossip.

The American slave's courtship words and forms are the result of his attempt at imitating the gushingly elegant manners and speech of his master. Uncle Gilbert's rule of courtship was that a "young man mus' tee' an' prove er gal befo' offerin' her his han'. Ef er gal gives a man as good anser as he gives her question, den she is all right in min'. Ef she can look him square in de face when she talks to him, den she kin be trusted; an' ef her patches is on straight an' her close clean, den she is gwine ter keep de house straight an' yer britches mended. Sich er ooman is worth havin'."

Here is a sample of a courtship conversation:—

He: "My dear, kin' miss, has you any objections to me drawin' my cher to yer side, and revolvin' de wheel of my conversation round de axle of your understandin'?"

She: "I has no objection to a gentleman addressing me in the proper manner, kin' sir."

He: "My dear miss, de worl' is a howlin' wilderness full of devourin' animals, and you has got to walk through it. Has you made up yer min' to walk through by yerself, or wid some bold wahyer?"

She: "Yer 'terrigation, kin' sir, shall be answered in a lady-like manner, ef you will prove to me dat it is not for er form and er fashion dat you puts de question."

He: "Der miss, I would not so impose on a lady like you as to as' her a question for a form an' a fashion. B'lieve me, kin' miss, dat I has a pertikler objick in ingagin' yer in conversation dis afternoon."

She: "Dear kin' sir, I has knowed many a gentleman to talk wid wise words and flatterin' looks, and at de same time he may have a deceivin' heart. May I as' yer, kin' gentleman, of you has de full right to address a lady in a pertickler manner?"

He: "I has, kin' miss. I has seen many swees ladies, but I has never up to dis day an' time let de highway of a single gentleman to foller dees becon lights. But now, kin' miss, as I looks in yer dark eyes, an' sees yer hones' face, and hears yer kind voice, I mus' confess, dear lady, dat I would be joyous to come to yer beck and call in any time of danger."

She: "Dear kin' sir, I will reply in answer to your 'terrigation in de fus place, sence I think you is a hones' gentleman, dat I feels dat a lady needs de pertection of a bol' warrior in dis worl' where dere's many wil' animals and plenty o' danger."

He: "Den, kin' honoured miss, wid you condescen' to encourage me to hope dat I might some glorious day in de future walk by yer side as a pertecter?"

She: "Kin' sir, of you thinks you is a bol' warrior I will condescend to let you pass under my observation from dis day on, an' ef you prove wuthy of a confiding lady's trus', some lady might be glad to accept yer perfection—and dat lady might be me."

This brings us to the point where the two agree to become lovers, and as love's language is not reducible to writing and repetition, we will leave them.

HONEST SPORTS.

The "Mirror of Life" Trophy.

The above cut is a fac-simile of The Mirror of Life championship trophy for rapid shaving, a description of which appeared in our last issue. It now rests with Rymer, Moss, and Steele to name a date and place of contest to decide who shall become the possessor of the handsome medal.

* * *

The West Essex Cycling and Athletic Clubs held their sixth annual meeting at Chelmsford, August 22. F. E. Bacon, the One Mile Amateur Champion, won the mile open handicap from scratch (beating H. F. Fash, of the Essex Beagles, 168 yards start, by a yard) in the fresh grass record time of 4min 19sec. This is only four-fifths of a second slower than Bacon's own cinder-path record, and is one-fifth of a second faster than the grass record made by the renowned W. G. George, at Worcester, on August 21, 1884. Bacon's first quarter of a mile occupied 58 2-5sec, the half-mile 2min 3 2-5sec, and the three-quarters 3min 13 2-5sec. In the Five Miles Bicycle Championship of the Club, E. C. Knights (the winner) lowered the grass records at three miles in 7min 5sec, against 8min 5 1-5sec, the previous best, the four miles in 10min 45sec, against 10min 49 1-5sec, and the five miles in 13min 28 4-5sec, against the former fastest of 13min 33 2-5sec by B. Fisher, at Kennington Oval, on September 9, 1893.

* * *

The Blackheath Harriers Cross Country Club held its fourth evening meeting of the present season at Herne Hill, August 22, with great success. Results:—

220 Yards Handicap.—M. P. Slattery, 14yds start, 1; W. Lotinga, 20, 2; Tom Crafter, 28, 3. A yard covered the three. Time, 23 1-5sec.

Half-Mile Handicap.—W. E. King, 100yds start, 1; C. Cattlin, 45, 2; H. W. Sercombe, 50, 3. Won by 5yds. Time, 1min 59 4-5sec.

Putting the Weight.—M. P. Slattery (31ft 6in), 1; Tom Crafter (28ft), 2.

Fifty Yards Egg and Spoon Race (ladies).—Miss E. Parry, 1; Miss M. Parry, 2; Miss Hopton, 3. Won by half a yard.

Tug of War.—Won by Sully's team.

* * *

Five thousand people attended the sports at Uxbridge, August 22. H. Watkins, the Southern Counties' Senior Cross-Country Champion, finished second, from scratch, to W. G. Burrows, Thames Valley Harriers, 35 yards start, in the Open Mile Handicap, the winner's time being returned as 4min 14 1-5sec, with which several well-known watch-holders agreed, the course being obviously short, as Watkins only lost by half-a-dozen yards. T. White, of Reading (the Steeplechasing ex-Champion), won the Quarter of a Mile Open Handicap, with 17 yards start, and the 100 Yards Open Handicap was won by F. Gleave, Thames Valley Harriers, 8 yards start. Both the open bicycle handicaps were won by W. H. Moon, of the Mid-Surrey C.C., who secured first prize in the mile with 50 yards start, and in the two miles was similarly successful, with 140 yards.

* * *

The twelve hours' cycle race at Putney, August 22, failed to prove the success anticipated. Rain descended from start to finish, causing the attendance to be decidedly limited. Mr. Percy Litchfield had well laid plans for a successful event, both in attendance and by way of performance, but the weather destroyed all hopes of success. Wridgway early took the lead, whilst Bowie for 80 miles or so held second place, but after falling retired. All the competitors except one (W. Ellis) rode safeties, although two or three were of the front-driver type. Ellis rode a tricycle, and there can be little doubt that at 80 miles and a few subsequent miles he beat F. T. Bidlake's tricycle records; but Ellis's figures cannot be ranked as records, owing to there being no extra timekeepers to concentrate his attention on tricycling times. The race needs little description, as Wridgway practically led throughout, with Bowie second for a time, until he retired, then Horton, who eventually followed suit. Sultzberger ultimately secured second place, and thence to the end was never repassed, whilst Wridgway, who covered his first 100 miles in 4h 58min 34sec, and 200 miles in 10h 34min 12sec, finally won by rather more than 11 miles, the scores of all who finished being as follows:—C. G. Wridgway, Anerley B.C., 226 miles 1,450 yards, 1; C. Sultzberger, Surrey B.C., 215 miles 1,005 yards, 2; S. B. Griffiths, Anerley B.C., 212 miles 110 yards, 3; W. Ellis (tricycle), Anerley B.C., 204 miles 1,430 yards, 4; A. Chapple, Putney and Clapham, 198 miles 1,060 yards, 5; W. M. Knight, Essex Wheelers, 194 miles 270 yards, 6; H. Grayston, Mid Surrey, 191 miles, 7; A. H. Gerboltz, Putney and Anerley B.C., 190 miles 630 yards, 8; W. Gerrard, Mid Surrey B.C., 189 miles 890 yards, 9; R. Morphew, Southern C.C., 188 miles 45 yards, 10. Mr. H. J. Swindley took the times. The twelve hours' safety record is 248 miles 1,006 yards, by F. W. Shorland last July.

* * *

The final tie for the Irish Military Polo Cup was played off at Dublin, August 22. The same teams met a short time ago in the final of the open cup, when the 15th Hussars beat the 10th Hussars by five goals to 4, after playing extra time, but on August 22 the tables were turned, and the 10th, playing much better together, won by five goals to three. Mr. Curzon scored for the 10th in the first period, and Captain Kavanagh added another point in the second ten minutes, while in the third Captain Kavanagh and Captain Dundas notched goals for their respective sides. The 15th secured superiority in the fourth ten, and, scoring twice, equalised, but then Captain Kavanagh and Lord Bentinck in turn lowered their opponents' citadel, and the final score was—10th Hussars, five goals; 15th Hussars, three goals. The teams were:—

10th Hussars.—Hon. T. Brand, Lord W. Bentinck, Captain Kavanagh, and Mr. Curzon.

15th Hussars.—Captain De Crespigny, Captain Mundy, Captain Dundas, and Captain Dalgetty.

* * *

John A. Johnson,

the speedy amateur cyclist who has recently been lowering the records in the States for short distances, has concluded to forsake the amateur ranks and join the professional forces. He will visit Paris in the near future to meet A. A. Zimmerman in a series of races, to decide who is the champion of the world. Johnson is a wonderfully fast rider when competing against time, but many of the American experts believe that he will succumb to Zimmerman, because the latter is the most determined of the two when in an actual race.

* * *

J. H. Tyers, the amateur champion swimmer, made a new record at Sunderland, August 20, for the 500 Yards Amateur Championship of England. The race took place under the auspices of the Sunderland Amateur Swimming Club, and the greatest interest was taken in the event, the bath being crowded almost to suffocation. Tyers's opponents were W. W. Robinson, Liverpool S.C., and G. E. Marshall, Liverpool Gymnasium S.C. An excellent start was effected, but Tyers, who was bent on breaking Evans's record, at once forged ahead, propelling himself with a powerful over-arm stroke. At the end of the second lap he led Robinson by ten yards, and at the end of the sixth lap was a lap in advance. He continued to gain every lap, and at the twelfth was about seventy yards to the good. Marshall now passed Robinson, but both were hopelessly beaten, the champion winning by nearly one hundred yards. The official time was given as 6min 45sec, thus breaking Evans's record, made at Bradford in August, 1891, of 7min 14sec, by 29sec. The feat was loudly cheered.

* * *

A competition for the Scotch Championship at graceful diving, for a twenty guinea cup, was decided at the Public Baths, Glasgow, August 20. The entries were:—Joseph Farrell, Hibernian Club, Edinburgh (the winner for the last two years); Thos. McGuinness, Hibernian, Edinburgh; Wm. Fraser and James Underwood, Heart of Midlothian Club, Edinburgh; Jas. Kemp, Western Club, Edinburgh; Andrew Meiklem, Victoria Baths, Glasgow; Samuel Moore, Western Baths, Glasgow; William Laird and William Fleming, Pollokshields Club, Glasgow; and Alex. Bryden and Alex. Still, Northern Club, Glasgow. Farrell had only to win this time to make the twenty guinea cup his own property. There were two judges and a referee, and each competitor had to dive from a level stage and a high platform, and perform a competition plunge, and judgment went by points, the maximum number being 21 for the best of three. The contest was keen, and ultimately after much consideration the awards were: Fleming, Glasgow, 21 points, 1; Farrell, Edinburgh, 20 points, 2; Fraser, Edinburgh, 19 points, 3; Moore, Glasgow, 16 points, 4.

* * *

Several prominent American sprinters contemplate a visit to this country in the autumn to participate in the Sheffield Handicap, to be run Christmas time. They have four very good men on the other side who can do down to even time, and in the event of their receiving a fair start on Jack Harper, the Bulwell Flyer, they should be well in when the final heat is run off.

Steve Farrell, who won the last big Manchester handicap, has not accomplished much since his return to the States, and it is likely he too will winter in this country. Steve has challenged all Americans to a race at 100 or 120 yards, but appears to find no acceptors. Farrell is fancied by the Leicester sporting fraternity, and when he comes here he will be well received.

* * *

The New Yorkers promise a grand reception to Lord Hawke's team of cricketers when they reach the States. The Yankee cricketers are in hopes of lowering the colours of our eleven, but if successful they will have to display much better form than they have in years gone by.

* * *

The supporters of Wag Harding have great confidence in his ability to row as fast as any sculler in the world, and therefore talk of matching him against Tom Sullivan for £200 a-side. Harding has proved himself to be a remarkably good man, but he lacks the weight requisite for a champion sculler. A match between Sullivan and Jake Gaudaur would no doubt be far more interesting, and practically determine who is the best oarsman in the world. Gaudaur is ready to come here and take on Sullivan, but demands only what is fair in the way of expense allowances.

SHE WON THE RACE.

A Man Who Fancied His Swimming Abilities Beaten by a Girl.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is getting to be quite a rage with women to become expert at swimming, and since Miss Wookey performed her feat at Bristol many have taken up with the sport. In the upper part of the Thames it is not an infrequent occurrence to see people paddling in the water, and in the Serpentine a great many women take daily dips to improve their speed. An impromptu contest was decided the other day, which proves that women can become proficient at that branch of sport. A man essayed to defeat a girl in a quarter-mile swim, but the fair one, by a long overhand stroke, plodded in the van and secured a victory by fully a dozen yards.

FRED OAKLEY.

A Clever 7st Pugilist who Exhibits on the Music Hall Stage.

(With Portrait.)

Fred Oakley was born at Bilston, Staffordshire, May 29, 1871. He is a pupil of J. W. Butler, the Liverpool black, who first pitted Oakley against Tom Griffin. The latter had two stone advantage in weight, but this didn't prevent Oakley from winning in three rounds.

Oakley next disposed of J. Sharp, an Irish champion, in three rounds. He then beat Dan Kenny, of Manchester, in eight rounds for the 7st championship of the North. His last battle was against Tom Collins for a gold medal. Oakley won in three rounds. He is at present travelling with his wife, who is a clever boxer, performing at various music halls in a scientific sparring bout under the names of Oakley and Wallace.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

"The other night I dreamed I was in heaven. Do you suppose it is a sign I am going to die?"

"Well, hardly."

* * *

Smith: "I never knew that Jones was a D.D. until he signed his name on the hotel register last night."

Brown: "He always does that when he is full. He intends it for drunk and disorderly."

* * *

Borax: "My wife makes a little money go a long way these times."

Samjones: "So does mine, unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia."

* * *

Cohen: "I vant der sign made cheap, just 'Cohen, Tailor.'"

Painter: "Don't you want me to put in your Christian name?"

Cohen: "I ain't got none; I'm a Jew."

* * *

Mabel: "Is this not the dearest little summer resort in all the world?"

Mrs. Tinkles: "I don't know. I haven't paid my bill yet."

* * *

It is not the woman who fires up the quickest that makes the best match.

* * *

Little Ethel: "Papa says my doggie has fleas. What shall I do?"

Little Johnny: "W'enever visitors call take him to them to pet."

* * *

Husband: "What! Another new dress? You say that dress is worn out?"

Wife: "Yes, my darling, I've worn it out twice, and to receptions both times."

* * *

Pat: "Be jabers, yez shot saythur wan av thim!"

Mike: "How th' divil could I, whin th' repoort av th' gun frightened both av thim away?"

* * *

Regardless of cost and regardless of pains,
This stone is erected to mark the remains
Of wife No. 1 of T. Patrick Malone;
And wife No. 2 helped to pay for the stone.

* * *

"My sympathies," said the effervescing young woman, "are altogether with the dear Japanese."

"So are our hired girl's," responded the matron. "She believes all china should be eternally smashed."

* * *

"H'm'm," said the editor of the comic paper, as he laid down his ruler, "Fashions are constantly changing."

"What's the matter?" asked the foreman.

"Bathing-suit jokes are considerably longer this year."

* * *

"What would you think of a man who kissed you the very first time you met him?"

"I don't know what I'd think, but I'd think about him a great deal."

* * *

First Chorus Girl: "Why did Madame Hynote get divorced from her husband?"

Second Chorus Girl: "She couldn't stand it any longer. He never got up a single quarrel with her that any newspaper would think important enough to print."

* * *

"Poor man, I know you must be hungry," said the kind-hearted woman who came to the door.

"Hungry?" replied Mr. Dismal Dawson. "Lady, I'm that holler that every time I speak I echo like a empty cistern."

* * *

Physician: "Your husband is looking quite well, considering that one lung is out."

Mrs. McCarthy: "Thin bad cess to wan lung. I thought Moike bate that Chinaman to death last wake."

* * *

Moses: "Mine gracious, doctor, I'm pritty sick, right away."

Physician: "If you choose I'll make an examination to see what ails you. It will cost you ten shillings, however."

Moses: "It vhas quite dear, but go ahead."

Physician (after making examination): "I find you have a stone in the bladder."

Moses: "Don't told me so, for heaven's sake! Vhas it a tiamond?"

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing The Mirror of Life you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. They give you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. The Mirror of Life will not, at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

LOTTA.

The Wealthiest Actress in the World.

MISS MINNA WOOKEY.

A Bristol Lady who is the Female Amateur Swimming Champion.

CORPORAL A. KEMPSTER.

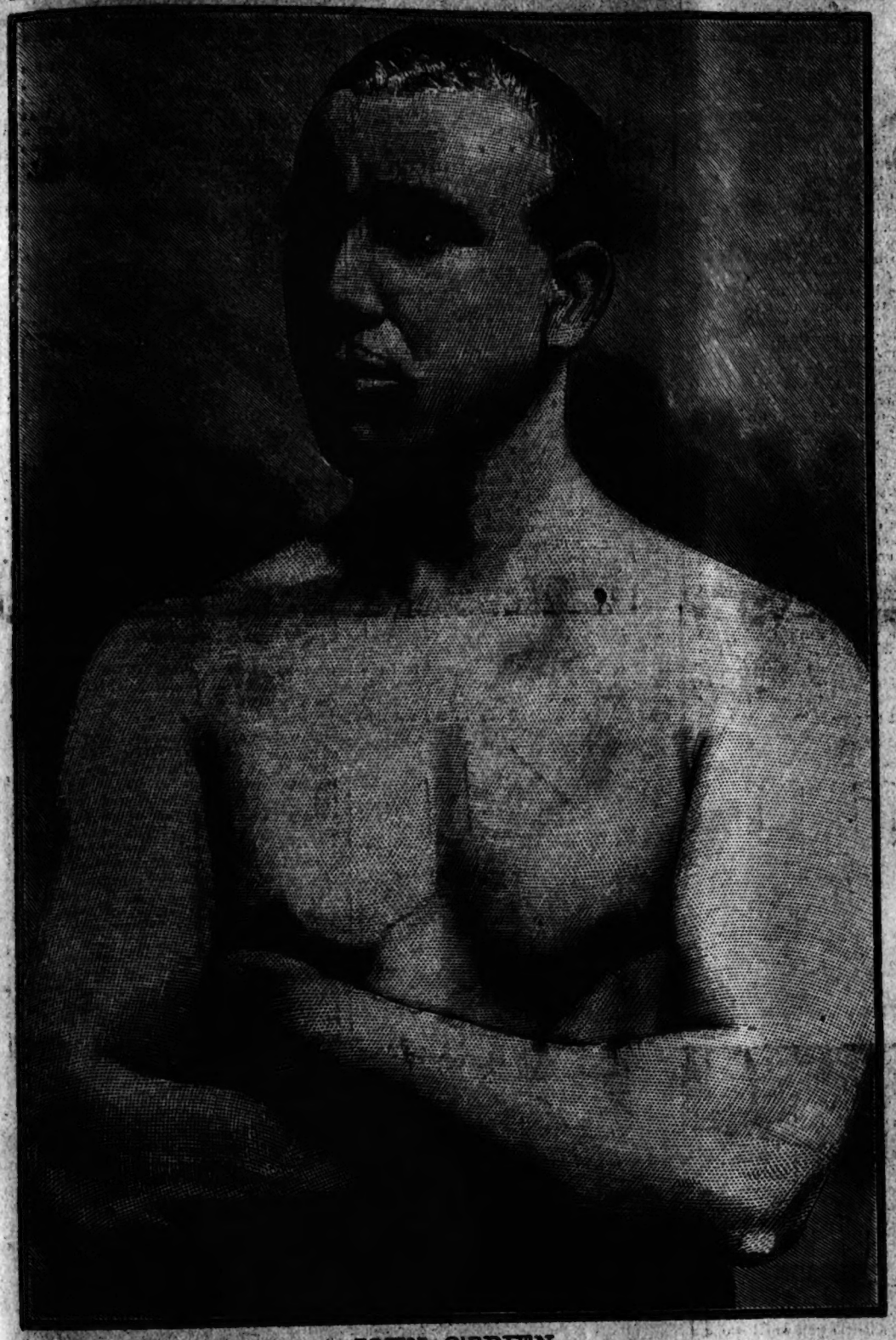
2nd Northampton Regiment. Winner of the Army Light-Weight Boxing Competition.

ANNIE BOYD.

A Clever American Soubrette who is to Visit this Country.

ALF. GOWER.

A Mile End Pugilist who can Boast of a Brilliant Record.



JOHN O'BRIEN.

The Clever Welsh Middle-Weight, Matched to Fight the Coffee Cooler.

FLO PENLEY.

A Charming and Clever Serio-Comic who has attained Music-Hall Fame.

DOMINICK PIANTA.

Celebrated Scottish Swimmer and Water Polo Player.

CHARLES R. (WAG) HARDING.

The Fastest of England's Representative Scullers.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Breeder and Judge of English Terriers, and Hotel Proprietor of Birmingham.

Corbett and Jackson Meet.

No Business Done.

How Corbett's Party Got Home.

What Florrie West Says.

Craig Sails for England.

Stanton Abbott Knocked Out.

A London Amateur Does the Trick.

To superstitious people the Thirteenth of the month is an unlucky day, and probably that accounts for the fact that Jackson and Corbett have come to no arrangements. They met in New York City on the 13th of August, and indulged in

A Friendly Handshake.

They talked what was purported to have been business, but it transpired to be a veritable lot of rot. Corbett insisted on doing battle south of Mason and Dixon's line, and went so far as to delare that, providing Jackson was ill-treated, he would resign all interest in the purse and any stake-money posted.

Peter declared that if he went South there would be a dead nigger kicking about that portion of the country, and the name of that coon would be Peter. As dead niggers would have no use for money it would hardly strike his views to venture in a country where white trash held the whip hand. In turn he suggested the National Sporting Club purse, and would consent to an American referee, but the wily James couldn't see the point. He threw up the foul play argument, but could show no grounds wherein he was justified in making such an outrageous assertion. It finally resulted in the men parting, and since then both have been kept pretty

Busy Writing Challenges

and slinging mud at each other. Jackson has unquestionably the best of the argument, and unless Corbett comes forward mighty soon and accepts a reasonable proposition, he will injure all his prospects of making a profitable theatrical tour next season. The Yankees are alive to his moves and designs to avoid the black fellow, and at the same time secure plenty of advertising, therefore they won't patronise him unless he fights.

* * *

All the time Corbett was in this country, he occupied his spare time in writing to American newspapers, that his tour here was a great financial success, when in fact he was losing money every show he gave. It was necessary to cut short the trip to stop losses, and in the end those who were members of his company were satisfied to return to the States in any boat and any class passage Corbett was prompted to name.

Florrie West, the soubrette of Champion Jim Corbett's theatrical company, returned to New York Aug. 8 in the cabin of the *Elbe* from Southampton. She said she paid her own passage because she would not travel in the second cabin of the *Ethiopia*, which, she declared, is a cattle ship. The other members of the company returned in the *Ethiopia*, and their names were on the second cabin list.

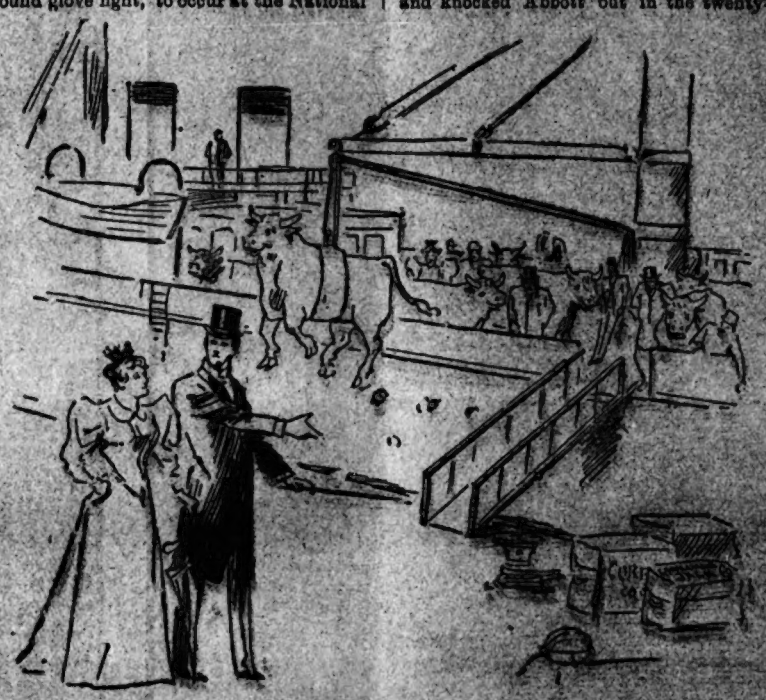
"The sending of the members of the company back on a second-rate steamship from an obscure port, to get the advantage of cheaper rates, is the best evidence that the Corbett company did not do a big business," is what Miss West said on landing in New York. "Corbett," continued the pretty soubrette, "made a mistake as to the English public. He thought the people there would dance attendance on him as they do at home, but he was mistaken."

Another comment made by Miss West concerning Champion Corbett was: "The English public were disgusted with the idea of a pugilist appearing at high-class theatres. They did not, therefore, patronise 'Gentleman Jim' liberally.

"The sporting fraternity also did not take to Corbett kindly, because he considered himself too much of a gentleman to associate with them. They invited him to one of their clubs. They thought he was no better man than Charley Mitchell, and when he snubbed them by refusing their invitation they quickly sent him to Coventry, as they call it over there when they boycott a man."

* * *

In one more week Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will be in London, and immediately seek a meeting with Johnny O'Brien at The Mirror of Life Office, in order to sign articles for their twenty-round glove fight, to occur at the National



Sporting Club, in October, for a purse of £150. It will be a battle well worth a long journey to witness, and the man who is fortunate enough to secure the verdict will know he has participated in a hard-fought match. The following cable is self-explanatory:

New York, August 25.

To the Mirror of Life,
108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Frank Craig, the coffee cooler, and his trainer and adviser Denny Butler, sailed to-day, for England. Craig will meet John O'Brien at your office on arrival in London. Mike Donovan.

The man who accompanies Craig is a brother-in-law of Donovan's, and himself an excellent boxer at 10st 6lb. For several years he held the swimming championship of America, but finally retired to take to boxing. He has fought several times in the ring, and acquitted himself creditably. It is only seven years since that Butler was prepared to meet any man at even weight in a finish fight, and doubtless would have been in the front ranks to-day but for Mike Donovan, who prevailed upon him to quit pugilism and assist him in instructing the manly art at the New York Athletic Club.

* * *

Considering that Donovan and Butler are excellent judges of a fighting man, we may feel justified in saying that Craig will put up a mill with O'Brien that he need not be ashamed of, win or lose. During the past two years the New York sports have been trying to secure a middle-weight to take the Cooler's number down; but he mowed through all comers like a flock of sheep. It is evident that he has no weak spot in him, otherwise he would have shown it when he fought Dan Creedon on two occasions, and more than held his own each time.

He is aware of the fact that Johnny O'Brien is not easy game, and will properly prepare himself for the encounter. Just where he will train it is difficult to state, but in all probability it will be in the south-east of London district. Several prominent patrons of boxing are interesting themselves in his welfare, and when the day of fighting draws nigh they will venture a reasonable sum on his prospects.

* * *

O'Brien is located outside of Cardiff, and continues to keep in good fettle. He is of the opinion that the coming mill means a big reputation for the winner, and will, therefore, enter the ring with his usual bull-dog determination to do or die.

* * *

Sportsmen in London were somewhat surprised when they received the information that Stanton Abbott had been knocked out of time by Jack Eberhardt, at New Orleans, U.S.A., August 21, for a purse of 1,500dols. It did not, however, surprise a few who know who Eberhardt really is. Those who were accustomed to attend the German Gymnasium in London a few years back will no doubt remember the man who came there to indulge in bouts with the amateurs. He was the light-weight champion of the German Empire, and proved to many that he could take his part against any of the professional light-weights. On reaching the States he joined the professional ranks, and after convincing the Louisiana sports he was a "bit thick," they promptly secured the match for him against Abbott and kept Jack under cover as much as possible in order to scoop in all the money offered on Stanton at odds. Meagre reports say that there was fully 5,000 people at the Olympic Club to see the battle. Abbott had the advantage until the twentieth round, but Eberhardt then assumed the offensive, and knocked Abbott out in the twenty-fifth round. Both men fought in the most determined manner.

* * *

Jem Stewart, the veteran heavy-weight pugilist of Glasgow, is looking after the interests of Johnny Boyle. The latter has made repeated efforts to secure a battle, and has even gone so far as to consent to concede a few pounds in weight to anybody who would take him on. What the Boyle party want is a match to be decided under the auspices of a club that will show their man fair play, and therefore suggest the National Sporting as the most desirable place for a battle. Martin Denny, the Australian, has expressed a wish to fight Boyle at catch-weights for £100 a-side and an added purse. Jim Stewart, responding to Denny, says: "We are prepared to back Boyle to take on Denny for £100 a-side and the National Sporting Club purse. If the Australian will cover Boyle's deposit of £50, which has been lying at a newspaper office in London for the past five months, in support of a challenge to fight any man in England at 9st 8lb, give or take 2lb, a match will be ensured. As an evidence of good faith I wish to say that Boyle will accommodate any man in the world from 9st 8lb up to 9st 12lb. Any acceptor has only to cover the former posted and send me fair articles, or the backers of Boyle would meet them at The Mirror of Life office any time suit to arrange preliminaries. We ask only a fair run for our money."

* * *

The twenty-round contest between Bert Smith, of Edmonton, and Goody York, of Colchester, which took place at North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, August 20, didn't give the satisfaction to the spectators that they had anticipated. Smith was by far the sturdier of the pair, and must have won had he displayed the stamina requisite in a fighting man. York was decidedly persevering, and at times when he was well beaten he plodded in and let go both hands irrespective of the consequences which might have befallen him for his temerity.

In the opening round York went at his adversary in a determined fashion, and accepted with good grace all the blows Smith put in. It looked any odds that York would not go through more than a few rounds, but in a distressed condition he gave his man no rest, and drove him all over the ring during the second round. The third round found York somewhat refreshed, and though Smith landed some clean hits that told, it didn't deter the Colchester lad from driving ahead. Smith finally got cornered and committed a deliberate foul which cost him the battle.

In a six-round contest between George Holding and Harry Wiecchann, Wood Green novices, some splendid slogging was witnessed. Both fought irrespective of science, giving blow for blow till the last round was gone through, when Holding appeared in the best condition and held a commanding lead that entitled him to the verdict.

* * *

Bert Smith, in appearance, is a pocket hercules, and were he possessed of sufficient courage he would be the makings of a good lad. He was assumed to feign a knock-out, and had no desire to accept the gruel York meted out to him, though not so severe as he served up to York. There was but one way for him to bring the mill to an end, and that was to lose on a foul. He performed that job to perfection, because he grabbed York about the legs and hurled him down to the boards. Smith was too strong to sit down to await the verdict, but stood in his corner until the decision was given, when he got the gloves off as soon as possible and went bounding to his dressing-room strong as a lion.

* * *

The glove contest between Harry Munro, of Hackney, and Tom Watson, of Shoreditch, at Alf Mitchell's, Red Cross Tavern, Bethnal Green, Aug. 22, was of an interesting character. The men were to go twenty rounds with four-ounce gloves, to decide the ownership of a £25 purse. In the first round the Shoreditch youth led off without doing any damage, but a second attempt proved more successful, his left reaching the mark. Smart counters followed, both drawing the claret from the mouth, Munro also doing good execution on the ribs and mark, although Watson often jumped back and avoided. In the second round Watson swung his left with great effect, time after time landing on his adversary's face, and he placed a lot of points to his credit, much to the surprise of the champion's partisans. Munro steadied himself in the third round, and making better use of his left than hitherto, rubbed off a little of his leeway. He led nicely on the mark on coming up for the fourth round and then they used both hands with effect, and just before time was called Munro landed heavily with the right on jaw. Watson appeared weak in the fifth round, and although he frequently countered, his blows lacked steam. Halfway through the round he went to the boards, and not responding to the call of time, Munro was declared victor, and beyond swollen lips and a little the worse for his efforts, came out thoroughgood and Bill Day seconded the winner, and Jack Maloney had charge of the bottle. Willie Smith (the 3st 2lb champion) and W. Freeman seconded Watson, B. Shephard, of Leicester, holding the bottle.

* * *

James W. Johnson, a coloured pugilist who claims to be the middle-weight champion of the North Western States of America, wants to come here to take on Ted Pritchard at 11st 4lb. Johnson evidently don't know that Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is now on his way to this country to meet John O'Brien, of Cardiff, and, if successful, give Pritchard battle providing Ted is not opposed to such an arrangement.

* * *

Craig is the best of American representative middle-weights, and had Johnson displayed any desire for a contest with him the Cooler would have jumped with joy at getting on a match which he must certainly have won, providing both were in good condition. It is hardly likely the National Sporting Club would offer a liberal purse for a battle between Johnson and the champion English middle-weight.

* * *

Charley Kelley, the New York bantam weight, proposes to leave no stone unturned in order to effect a match with the winner of the Corfield-Gever battle in September. He will do battle at 7st 10lb or 8st, and wager from £100 to £200 on the result; furthermore, he consents to come to England providing a suitable purse is offered by the National Sporting Club. Kelley is a first class lad at his weight, and were he to come to this country he would give a good account of himself. He has an effective right hand, and anyone he lands it on must go out. In bringing it across, however, he accepts long chances of getting reached by an opponent with a similar blow, so that he is rather a risky fighter.

HARRY OVERTON, of Birmingham, and Tom Woolley, of Walsall, are to contest the best of twelve rounds, at 9st 12lb, give or take 2lb, at Birmingham, October 1, for a purse of £70 and a wager of £25 a-side.

* * *

JOE SPIKES and Tom Ellis engaged in an impromptu fight, with small gloves, at Birmingham, August 20, for a subscription purse. At the close of the fourteenth round both were fought to a standstill and the referee declared the battle drawn.

* * *

JACK PARKER and Dick Curtis, New Cross scrappers, met at Hollier's Gymnasium, Peckham, August 20, to box the best of eight rounds for a purse of £10. At the opening Parker essayed to rush matters and after a series of lively exchanges he was sent to the floor. The two succeeding rounds were all in favour of Curtis, who got in some effective blows about the head; he sent Parker down in the fourth round, and three times in the sixth round. Parker was unable to continue after the third knock-down in the sixth round, and lost the fight.

* * *

THEY are developing a lad in the States at 7st 12lb that the Yankees believe will whip anyone in the world at even weight. His name is Frank Maciewski, and is a cousin of Joe Choynski, the heavy-weight. He recently defeated, in hollow fashion, Kid Thompson, a lad of exceptional merit. Austin Gibbons has him in charge, and offered to back Maciewski to fight any 7st 12lb lad in the world for 1,000dols a side, and a purse.

* * *

BILL LEE provided two six and two eight-round contests for his patrons at the Bermondsey School of Arms, August 16. Both six-round battles were boxed through, Harry Jobson vanquishing Tom Halpin, and Alf Spokes accepting second to Jem Truman. In the first eight-round bout George Hutchings settled George Clarke in four rounds, whilst Tom Devine displayed a superior advantage over Fred Bonner, and got the verdict.

* * *

ACCOUNTS reach us of a twenty-round battle between Dummy Mace, of Melbourne, and Jim Burge, of Sydney, which occurred at Melbourne, early in July for a purse. Both displayed the utmost gameness and determination throughout. Mace meted out the most punishment, which Burge accepted with grace. In the last round Burge was all but knocked out. He was sent down, and it took him nine seconds before he could get upon his pins only to be sent down again. The call of time is what saved a knock-out. The referee gave his decision as a draw.

* * *

BOXING sport is becoming decidedly popular about Newcastle-on-Tyne, and every contest decided there draws together a large audience. To further advance the interest several sporting men of that town are arranging to hold a professional tournament and induce all the first-class men in the kingdom to go there to compete. Substantial cash prizes will be given, and everything conducted on a strictly business principle, with impartial treatment shown to all who contend.

* * *

A MATCH has finally been arranged between George Dixon and Jerry Marshall, the coloured feather-weights, to mill to a finish with small gloves, at 8st 7lb, for £1,000 a-side. The men have left the matter of deciding upon the battle ground to the club in the States offering the best purse. It is likely they will come together near New York city in October.

* * *

JOE WALCOTT, the coloured pugilist, is prepared to arrange a match with Dick Burge, of Newcastle, at 10st, for £500 a-side, providing Burge will consent to do battle in the States in the autumn or next winter. Such a meeting would ensure a liberal purse from one of the Yankee clubs, and Burge would be guaranteed fair play.

* * *

According to all reports the ring fight between Jack Gover, of Edmonton, and Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, in France, the other day, was one well worth a long journey to witness. Both men fought with determination, and displayed gameness throughout. Gover was the worst punished of the two when the mill was stopped; still, that don't show he was a whipped man, because a battle is never really won with two game 'uns in the ring until one of the contestants is knocked out of time.

Both men have returned to London, and are ready to talk business with men at 9st 4lb for a suitable purse. The sports in the northern district of London are wondering who is the champion of England at that weight. Arthur Valentine claims the title, notwithstanding both Gover and Callan have beaten him in glove fights. "What is one enterprising sportsman should do," says Callan, "is to hang up a good purse and belt for a 9st 6lb competition, each bout to be twenty rounds, and that would readily determine the question. Jack Farley, Jack Gover, Arthur Valentine, and myself could have a cut in for it, and it is safe to suggest that the winner would be the recognised champion at 9st 6lb. We can all four do that weight, and it would result in three fights. The names could be drawn to see who would contest the trial fights and the two winners of the trials could decide the championship."

"Say, for instance, £200 were offered, it would induce all of us to take it on and with six week's time in which to train we would all come forward in first-class fettle. The money could be divided in the following manner, to each beaten man in the trial fights give £25, that would be a fair reward for the trouble and expense of preparation, the loser in the runner up or final battle should receive £50, and to the winner of the competition would go the £100 and a trophy. Each one of the fights would be well fought out, and all that would be necessary to give about two or three weeks rest between the trial and final fight. It would run into three nights of actual fighting, one fight to be decided each night, and, providing the affair was properly managed, the promoter would reap a handsome profit out of the venture. I'm in such an affair for one, and don't care whether the fights are to be with gloves or bare knuckles."

* * *

THE sporting world were rather astounded the other day to perceive a challenge from Frank P. Slavin to fight Peter Jackson, J. J. Corbett, or any man in the world for £3,000 a-side and an added purse. It is a difficult matter how to regard the bold defy, whether in the light of a huge joke or as a lever to advertise boxing shows which Slavin is giving throughout the kingdom. It is a well-known fact that Slavin was beaten, when at his best, by the black, and since that time he has not improved any upon his old form. In his day, Slavin possessed a cruel right-hand punch which meant defeat to any man whom he landed it upon, but a long rest from active work and leading a life of leisure must have caused him to lose all ability as a first-class fighter. When he took on Jake Kilrain at the Granite City Club in Hoboken, Jake was master of the situation in the early portion of the struggle, and it looked odds upon the American securing the victory. When Slavin landed his right hand in Jake's ribs it doubled Kilrain up and practically settled the whole affair. To a spectator it looked as though Jake's lower ribs were driven clean through to his backbone, and it was many a long day before Kilrain could take a long breath without pain. Had Slavin been carefully handled at that time there is no doubt but that with leading a quiet life a man could have brought him to the top notch of his profession.

Lack of practise and age has made him slow, and before such men as Corbett and Jackson it would be an even money chance that Slavin would never land an effective blow during a fight.

* * *

GEORGE CORFIELD has sent to New York city articles for a fight with Charley Kelley, the American, proposing a battle of twenty rounds with 4oz gloves, to occur at Drill Hall, Sheffield, on Monday, December 10 or 17, for £100 a-side, open to £200 a-side, and the gate receipts. Corfield stipulates that they be restricted to 7st 12lb, each at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day appointed for the contest.

* * *

POLICE Captain Glori, of Newark, N.J., the manager of "Bob" Fitzsimmons, is a very unhappy man, and the cause is the refusal of Corbett to sign articles of agreement of the Olympic Club of New Orleans for a fight with the lanky Australian.

The captain said that Corbett's action bore out Fitzsimmons' statement that the champion is trying to avoid a meeting with him.

"Corbett's statement that Fitz is challenging him for the advertising there is in it is absolutely untrue," said Capt. Glori in New York the other day. "Fitz does not want any advertising. He has all he needs. What he wants to do now is to fight Corbett, and his willingness to sign the Olympic Club's agreement is proof positive of this.

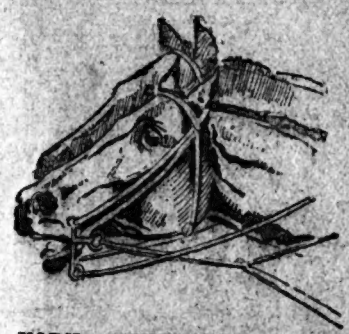
"Fitz believes that he can defeat Corbett, and he will make any sacrifice to get him in the ring. Corbett knows in his heart that Fitz would give him the hardest fight of his life, and for fear of defeat the champion refuses to make a match.

"Corbett admitted two years ago that Bob was too clever to take any liberties with."

"Will you issue a challenge to the world, as Corbett suggested?"

"No, we will not do anything of the kind, because it would give Corbett a chance to get out of the match. If we issued a challenge, Steve O'Donnell would accept, and that would let Corbett out. Fitz wants to fight Corbett, and not O'Donnell. If Corbett really wants to fight, Fitz will fight him at any time, under any rules, and with any kind of gloves, and before any club. We will also allow his friend and backer to referee the fight. Isn't that fair, and doesn't it show how anxious Fitz is to fight? Some time ago Corbett said that if Fitz defeated Choynski he would make a match with him. Fitz has defeated Choynski. Now, why don't Corbett keep his word?"

TURF NOTES.



YORK, HUNTINGDON, AND LINGFIELD.

THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP.

SELECTIONS.

WEEK'S FINALS.

THE meeting at York this afternoon promises to be well attended, and first-class sport may be expected from those on the card. Although little has been done in the way of speculation on the Great Ebor Handicap—the principal event set for decision—the arrivals will probably improve in strength, and even a bigger muster may be expected than last year, when ten faced the starter. With its present open appearance backers might be said to have taken a short price about Street Singer, but the friends of Sweet Duchess have steadily supported her down to her present price, and the expectation of seeing T. Loates in the saddle enhances their confidence. The top-weight, Red Ensign, is not called upon to do a record performance with 9st, and Aborigine, at 6lb less, should be thereabout, as on their Ascot Stakes running there should be little between them; what little there is may tell in the latter's favour, who should again finish in front. Cypria has done nothing since her Cesarewitch dead-heat, because in the Great Tom Stakes last October she failed to show in the first six, and her weight here is altogether different to the impost she carried when meeting Red Eyes on that memorable occasion, therefore her chance with 8st 4lb, although a stayer, must be passed over in favour of her more lightly-weighted opponents. Convent has several times essayed winning brackets, but Dame Fortune has not replied to those who pin their faith in her, nor do I think that reward will follow in the present venture. Braemar is one that may be expected to do well, and the black with the blue sleeves should occupy a prominent position in the run home. Street Singers's 10lb penalty is not supposed to interfere with his prospect if judging from his market status; still, when taking everything into consideration, he will be found to have plenty to do to get in front of such a good filly as Sweet Duchess, who is certainly the pick of the three-year-olds on paper. Amongst the older horses Hagiographer must have a good word; it must not be forgotten the easy beating he gave Convent at Lewes, and this son of Hagioscope and Evening Chimes, with the insignificant weight of 6lb 12lb, for a five-year-old, may be another of Archer's good things, and more than likely to do the trick; another, about the same mark, is Monton, whose usefulness this season must be remembered at the Easter gathering at Kempton, she scored a 10 to 1 chance, beating Garrick and eight others by four lengths. His second in the Great Northern Handicap to Weltondale should make this about his best distance. The Chester Cup may have been further than he cared to travel, and the mile and four furlongs will be found to suit him better. Sweden, Kyle, and Lord of the Dale were seen out in the Stockton Handicap last week, and on that form the first-named may hold the others safely. Houndsditch has cried content, but Master Munden, who has been on the shelf for some time, is quietly recognised as the rod in pickle for this event. Whether this is so or not, his position in the handicap gives him every opportunity to fulfil the wishes of those connected with the Middleham stable, and S. Chandley will have the mount; but for my part, although favourably impressed with his chance, I consider

Sweet Duchess
Aborigine
Hagiographer

the best to depend upon and finish in the order placed.

In the Ebor St. Leger, Stone Chack will be meeting a good stayer in Contract, and, although Galloping Dick goes well at home, I fancy the distance will be too far, and Carloman in this class may represent Mr. J. Lowther, and Scampania, with Colleague and The Rays, may make up a half-dozen which will show some improvement, and save it from resulting in a match, as on the last occasion. The Welter Handicap closed with twenty entries, and the best of these may be found in Pin Money, Evelyn, and Pasados; if anything, the best to trust will be Pin Money. The Falmouth Selling Welter may fall to Philology, who will have most to fear from Dowie Den. The two-year-olds will contest the Convivial Produce Stakes, where Laveno, if sent, would be the chosen one; but matters here are not all-right, and Whittier and Keelson, with a nomination of Mr. Simons Harrison, should furnish the leading trio. Full of Fashion may secure the Maiden Plate on Thursday and be attended home by Royal Balsam. Simonburn should dispose of the opposition in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and Basildon and St. Aidan should obtain the remaining honours. The Gimcrack Stakes will be the chief item for the youngsters, and a big field may be expected to do battle. Bentworth, Chasseur, Featherstone, Stormont and Bonspiel are among those likely to furnish the winner, and in making a final selection

Featherstone	... ...	**1**
Chasseur	... ...	**2**
Bentworth	... ...	**3**

will represent me. Undecided and Machiavelli look like taking care of the top weights in the Lowther Plate, and of I'Anson's trio Colleague will no doubt be his selected.

On Friday, whether it be Huntingdon or Lingfield, either fixture is sure to be well-patronised, and in dealing with the Kimbolton Welter, Tinkler looks like securing the race. Miss Stratford, with Merry Scot, being the next in order. The Fitzwilliam Plate, Gold Belt or Wharfe, and between them the issue may rest. Ziddler is the snip of the day in the Peel Handicap. Camena or Posterity should account for the Ramsey Abbey Plate. The first named was fancied for the Auction Stakes at Alexandra Park, but could only secure second honours, but may do better this time, and Boxer may account for the Hinchinbrooke Stakes.

In taking three to represent the best of those in the Huntingdon Stakes on Saturday, Sacristy, Melton Prior, and Skirt Dance are to be recommended. The Milton Nursery may be left to Dailuaine and High and Low. The Lingfield Meeting, which also extends over the two days, for which the selections below with a run may be worthy of notice:—

York.

WEDNESDAY.

The Falmouth Selling Welter,
Philology.
The Welter Handicap,
Pin Money.
The Ebor St. Leger,
Contract or Stone Chack.
The Convivial Produce Stakes,

Whittier	... ...	**1**
Keelson	... ...	**2**
Chat Moss	... ...	**3**

THURSDAY.

The Harewood Stakes,
Rainbow or Evermore
The Maiden Plate,
Full of Fashion.
The Lowther Plate,
Machiavelli.
The Great Yorkshire Stakes,
Simonburn.

Huntingdon.

FRIDAY.

The Fitzwilliam Plate,
Gold Belt.
The Kimbolton Welter,
Miss Stratford or Tinkler.
The Peel Handicap,
Ziddler.
The Ramsey Abbey Plate,
Camena or Posterity.
The Hinchinbrooke Stakes,
Boxer.

Lingfield.

The Club Welter,
St. Benedict.
The Jacksbridge Plate,
Blankney.
The Chartham Park Handicap,
Verdant Green.
The Starboro' Castle Plate,
Benthillier or Una Rose.

Huntingdon.

SATURDAY.

The Huntingdon Stakes,
Melton Prior.
The Milton Nursery,
Dailuaine or High and Low.
The Apethorpe Welter,
Royal Hazel.

Lingfield.

Lingfield Nursery,
Fusilade or Barletta.
The Summer Handicap,
Erin.
The Imberhorne Plate,
Sayonara or Sacristy.
The Waterside Mid-Weight Handicap,
Hassle.

CHALK.

SHE WON THE RACE.

A Man Who Fancied His Swimming Abilities Beaten by a Girl.

A NEW GAME BY OLD OFFENDERS.

How Female Pickpockets Ply their Professions on Unsuspecting Citizens.

GIRLS ON A LARK.

How they Amused Themselves with an Effigy of a Man

ADVICE NOT ALWAYS BEST TO FOLLOW.

How a Tout Explains the most approved Way to See a Race.

SHE MADE THEM SETTLE.

A Trio of Mexicans who Found their Match in a Woman.

— That the Aldershot people were delighted with the brilliancy of last week's issue.

— That James J. Corbett sent back the most of his company to the States in a Cattle ship.

— That Nat C. Goodwin, the American comedian, has returned home, and will open at Chicago in "A Gilded Fool" October 7.

— That Dick Burge declares himself in the field to take on any 10st pugilist in a finish fight.

— That Billy Plimmer made a neat sum of money in his exhibitions whilst here.

— That Nunc Wallace, of Birmingham wants a fight with some clever 8st 8lb lad for £100 a-side.

— That Walter Eyles, of Islington, is ready to do battle with Arthur Valentine at 9st 6lb, give or take 2lb, for a suitable purse and side bet of £100 or £200.

— That John Boyle, of Glasgow, wonders why the pugilists in his class fight so shy of him.

— That the Glasgow sports will risk a lot of money on Boyle when he engages in a fight.

— That the Gaiety company, which was to return from South Africa in the *Spartan* (sailing from Cape Town on Aug. 1), has done as well as could be expected, and a little better. They played, according to their manager, 14 weeks in Johannesburg for £14,000, three weeks in Port Elizabeth for £2,080, and seven weeks in Cape Town for £6,800. For small towns that is very fair.

— That a special engine which was conveying a certain Dr. Brewalwy to a place called Lufkin, Texas, in a case of emergency was stopped by bandits. The engine-driver and firemen deserted the engine, and the doctor was shot dead and his pockets were rifled.

— That at one of the performances of "Gentleman Jack" in London Corbett's share amounted to less than £4, and that sum would not begin to pay salaries of the company.

— That James J. Corbett's tour in Great Britain was a "frost" we sometimes hear about but seldom witness.

— That The Mirror of Life is the only real live illustrated sporting journal in Great Britain.

— That The Mirror of Life sold at a premium in some cities last week.

— That Alf Levy, a London pugilist, is in Australia trying to arrange a fight at 8st.

— That James W. Johnston, a coloured middle-weight in the States, wants to come here and meet Ted Pritchard at 11st 4lb for £200 a-side and a purse.

— That Ginger Stewart is training at Putney for his coming contest with Dummy Winters.

— That members of the National Sporting Club feel grateful to Colonel North for two handsome silver mounted snuff boxes made from the hoofs of a yearling by Galopin—Burgundy, which he presented to the club.

— That Bob Fitzsimmons should defeat Dan Creedon at New Orleans, September 25, and carry off the big end of the 5,000 dollar purse.

— That now that Fitzsimmons is tied up with the Creedon match, Corbett is ready to fight him.

— That G. Winters, of Rotherhithe, is prepared to fight Hiram Cutler twenty rounds at 7st 12lb, or 8st, providing a suitable purse is offered by a responsible club for such a meeting.

— That Harry Lane and Clarence Holt are to box the best of twelve rounds for £10 a side, and gate receipts.

— That Plymouth sports are trying to bring about a battle between Tom Harris and Perry, of Plymouth.

ANNIE BOYD.

A Clever American Soubrette who is to Visit this Country.

(With Portrait.)

When the farce-comedy, "A Trip to Chinatown," is produced in London, one of the features of the show will be Miss Annie Boyd, a clever and talented soubrette. She has scored a big success in the piece in the States, and, it is understood, will come here when the play is produced.

CORPORAL A. KEMPSTER.

2nd Northampton Regiment. Winner at the Army Light-Weight Boxing Competition.

(With Portrait.)

Corporal A. Kempster, 2nd Northampton Regiment, captured the trophy for the light-weight boxing competition at Aldershot, August 14, in gallant style. In the first round of trial bouts he stopped Private Blackburn in the first round, and in the final he put the quietus on Private Sayers in the middle of the third round, thereby securing the light-weight championship of the British Army for non-commissioned officers and men.

He was a runner-up in the Army Competition in August, 1893, and in November he won a 10st competition at Alexandria Hall, Aldershot. The vast improvement he has made in his form is due mainly to the training he received from Tom Burrows during the past three months.

ALF. GOWER.

A Mile End Pugilist who can Boast of a Brilliant Record.

(With Portrait.)

The supporters of Alf. Gower feel confident he will defeat George Corfield at Sheffield, September 10. They are to box the best of twenty rounds at 7st 12lb for £100 and the gate receipts.

Corfield, realising he has a tough job before him, has been taking the best care of himself, and hopes to maintain his premier position as a pugilist at his weight. His friends in Yorkshire will make him a hot favourite when the time arrives for him to shy his castor in the ring. He is a clever lad at long-range fighting, and possesses a remarkably effective left hand which has been too much for those who have met him. Gower's forte is short-range work, and up to the present he has invariably disposed of all whom he has met, with a bit up his sleeve. In his coming fight he will no doubt be fully extended, and if victorious over the Sheffield wonder he may feel safe in taking on any lad that lives at even weights, and predict a win. He has been placed into enforced idleness for some time past because of his inability to get a customer. Writing from the Essex Arms, 464, Mile End Road Gower says:—

"I have gone into strict training for my match with George Corfield, utilising Victoria Park as my exercising ground. The old veteran, Jack Hicks, is my trainer, and Tommy Orange will act as a second. I first came into prominence in 1884, when I fought George Spring, better known as 'Captain,' for £5 a-side, in the old style. I won in seven rounds, lasting 40min. In the same year I beat Tom Euston, of Old Ford, in six rounds. I was beaten by Osborn, of Bethnal Green, in a 10st competition. In 1886 I was matched to fight Bill Phippen, of Shoreditch, in the old style, for £15 a-side, but he refused to fight and I received forfeit. In 1887 I was matched against Ben Heath, of Old Ford, in the old style, for £5 a-side, he weighing 8st 5lb, myself 7st 10lb; the fight lasted 1h 7min, at the end of which I got the verdict, Heath, not feeling satisfied with his defeat, we were matched again for £10 a-side, and I won in 7min. My next match was with Cox, of Poplar, for £10 a-side, with small gloves, in which I was successful, time 2min 45sec. I then won Alec Clarke's 7st 8lb championship belt, beating George Little, of Finsbury, in the final. I met and defeated Gordy Jacobs, of Spitalfields, in two rounds, after which I won a £50 competition at the Aquarium, beating Patsy Sheenan in the final. I subsequently disposed of Fred Sullivan, of Lambeth, at the Ormonde Club for £100 a-side in fourteen rounds. In the same year I was matched with Arthur Wesley, of Clerkenwell, for £200 a-side and the 7st 8lb championship of England, and won in the fourth round. The mill took place at the Goodwin Club. After resting four years, I was matched with Fred Locke, of Old Ford, for £50 a-side and a purse of £75. We met at the National Sporting Club. I won in the third round. I am now matched with George Corfield, of Sheffield, for £100, and I hope to come off victorious. I hardly think the long rest has done me any harm, and candidly believe that when I enter the ring I shall put up as good a fight as I ever did. My friends may depend that if Corfield should be fortunate enough to gain the day he will know he's been to a fight by the time I'm done with him."

A NEW GAME BY OLD OFFENDERS.

How Female Pickpockets Ply their Profession on Unsuspecting Citizens.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Everybody is fond of 'toying' with an infant, and if it is attractive in appearance one can hardly resist the temptation of kissing its downy cheek. [illegible] are alive to the fact, and [illegible] by some means observe [illegible] child to ply their profession. [illegible] railway train and make it [illegible] a seat with the object of [illegible] her. Men well advanced in years are naturally attracted by the chirruping of the infant, and before they realise what they are doing they will be trying to amuse the child in order to make it laugh. The supposed mamma finds her time has arrived to make a turn, and, holding up the infant, tells it to kiss the gentleman. Of course, the gentleman bestows a kiss upon the infant, and while thus engaged in innocent amusement, his watch or purse is abstracted from his pocket. Numerous robberies have been reported, and the victims never know where they have been relieved of their valuables. As the dodge was being worked on a railway running out of Kansas City recently, the conductor happened to perceive a man being robbed, and when the woman was brought into court she was recognised as an old offender.

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE.

Antics not pleasing to the Tourist.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Cowboys are not a class the tourists hanker to come in contact with, and when they go on one of their periodical drunks," writes a Nebraska correspondent, "it is well to give them a wide berth. They find pleasure in riding through the main streets of the western towns in the United States and discharge their firearms in the air in a promiscuous fashion. Shooting bottles placed behind a bar is another of their feats they enjoy so hugely, but an innovation of Cowboy play was enacted recently at Council Bluffs that the victims will have cause to ever remember. Half a dozen well loaded with whisky entered a bar and billiard room where a trio of tourists were enjoying a pleasant game of billiards. The attention of two of the invaders was attracted to the billiard-table, and one, getting upon the back of a tourist, essayed to make carom shots by discharging bullets at the object ball. Another paid attention to the dispenser of liquor behind the bar, whilst one forced a tourist to get on all fours while he mounted in horse-back style, using a lasso for the reins. Leaden pellets whistled through the air, and, for a time, it was anything but funny to those who were in their company. After they exhausted their ammunition and generally demolished all the flasks in sight, they disappeared, riding through the town in a frenzied state. Before the police authorities could be sought after for protection, the reckless individuals were lost to view.

JOHN O'BRIEN,

The Clever Welsh Middle-Weight, Matched to Fight the Coffee Cooler.

(With Portrait.)

John O'Brien, the clever Welsh middle-weight, who is matched to fight Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, at the National Sporting Club in October, was born at Cardiff Dec. 20, 1867. He is 5ft 10½in tall, and with hard training can come within 11st 4lb in weight. His first engagement was with Jem Driscoll, whom he beat in six rounds, for a purse, in Cardiff. Next he defeated Peter Burns (alias Dublin Tom) in three rounds, the contest being decided in Cardiff, for a purse. His next battle was with "Shonnie" (the Engineer), whom he defeated in the old style, in 19min, for £50 a-side and the Championship of Wales. Beat Felix Scott, the black, in three rounds, at Liverpool. O'Brien breaking one of his arms in the first round. On November 25, 1890, O'Brien was beaten by Ted Bryant, of Chelsea, in 3min, at Bob Habbijam's School of Arms. This result was brought about by a fluke, and all attempts to arrange another match between the pair failed, though O'Brien's friends offered odds of £400 to £200. At the Lads' Club O'Brien defeated Ted White in eight rounds, for a £30 purse, on March 7, 1891, and at the same place he defeated Alf Bell in seven rounds for a purse of the value of £120, on May 27, 1891. On December 21 of the same year O'Brien beat Alf Mitchell, of Cardiff, in eight rounds, at the National Sporting Club, for a £300 purse. His last battle was against David St. John, April 23, 1894, at the National Sporting Club, for £50 a-side and a purse of £50. Five rounds were fought with varying fortunes, when O'Brien got in a right hand stomach blow, causing St. John to collapse. He soon sent home a finisher and secured the battle; O'Brien broke his left arm early in the battle, but struggled on with the utmost gameness till he won.

IN SEARCH OF A PRETTY FOOT.

An Artist who Found it a Difficult Task to Find what he Wanted.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Pretty feet are not plentiful in any country, and while artists can always secure models of graceful form and pretty face, find the most difficult task in securing subjects with shapely pedal extremities. At a well-known artists' studio recently many applications were received from ladies who boasted of possessing what was required—a small and shapely foot—but it simmered down to four from whom he could make a selection. Of the quartette none could show what might be termed a perfect foot from an artistic point of view.

OBJECTED TO KISSING.

Hotel Girls who Rejected Advances of Familiarity from Two Guests and the Results Produced.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In a certain commercial hotel in the North an episode occurred that brought two guests into bad odour, and caused the censure of the two pretty table girls. It was while they were descending the stairs with a trayful of dishes that two guests attempted to imprint a kiss upon their rosy lips. Such familiarity was not welcomed by either, and in defending themselves from the library about to be taken they let fall the dishes on the staircase, creating quite a rumpus. The girls were promptly sent for by the manager, who censured both. They confessed what had transpired, and as a result the guests were requested to pay for the damage done, and seek shelter at some other establishment.

A LONDON BOXING CLUB SCENE.

A Glove Contest Broken up by a Free Fight Amongst the Audience.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The sooner the hoodlum element is prevented from attending glove fights in club rooms the better it will be for the game. The business has now attained a point where gentlemen who are always ready to pay liberally to witness a good display are somewhat cautious about mingling with obnoxious characters, if not for personal safety, at least for comfort sake. At the National Sporting Club the pugilists are compelled to remain in a certain portion of the exhibition hall, and the moment a meeting is brought to a close they are immediately requested to quit the building. Members are therefore afforded an opportunity to move about, and only come in contact with each other. The stringent rules enforced maintain the club's popularity. Had the Goodwin Gymnasium Club, conducted on the same principle, been would not have been such a scene enacted as occurred there August 20. At the second contest between Paddy Gorman, of Australia, and Jerry Collins, of Stepney, for a purse, was the cause of attraction, and it drew together a large audience. When the men stepped into the ring it was evident that some heavy work would be put in, both being masses of muscle. The M.C., E. G. Chapman, had some difficulty in obtaining a hearing at first, but eventually did so, and announced the men and their seconds, Jack Ellis and Bill Beader for Collins, and Jack Hall and Bodler Palmer for Gorman. Cock Robin and Jack Fitzgerald undertook the post of judges, and Gerald Griffin held the watch, and Fred Johnson was referee. From the very first slogging was the order of the day. Collins led off on the head, but Gorman returned the compliment with interest, and matters were pretty even up to the call of time. In the second round Gorman landed heavily on the ribs, and then some severe exchanges at close quarters took place, and just before the finish of the round Gorman got well on the head. In the third round Collins took a strong lead, drawing the claret freely from his opponent's nose, and after Gorman had got home on the head Jerry planted a terrific one on the face and left eye, also causing a big lump to rise on Gorman's forehead. In the fourth round Paddy, who fought with undeniable gameness, did a lot of work, but Collins was always all there, and returned his blows with interest, if looking any odds on the Stepney man. The confusion, which had been only checked, now burst out, and on coming up for the fifth round, though each was game to go on, it was impossible to obtain order, and the affair was wisely declared a draw. The obnoxious characters became so unruly that they soon indulged in a free fight, causing the better element to make themselves scarce. After the unruly ones had punched each other about by way of amusement, Fred Johnson managed to induce them to quiet down, but not until a good night's sport had been interfered with. It is to be hoped that the management will in future exercise better judgment and refuse admittance to those who enjoy a free fight rather than a well-contested boxing contest between good men.

LOTTA.

The Wealthiest Actress in the World.

(With Portrait.)

The wealthiest actress in the world is Charlotte Crabtree, known in America as Lotta. She can boast of being the possessor of at least a million dollars. She was born in New York in 1847, and first appeared upon the stage when six years of age. She became famous as the Marchioness in "Little Nell." Possessing an excellent character and disposition, she comands the respect of all who know her. She has now retired from the stage, being satisfied with the position and wealth she has attained.

GIRLS ON A LARK.

How they Amused Themselves with an Effigy of a Man.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Some girls are fond of teasing men just for the sport of the thing, and though they may be too bashful to give vent to their caprices or enjoyment they frequently collect together in a party and devolve upon schemes whereby they can enjoy a joke," says a correspondent. "Rather an amusing affair happened a short time since which is creating no end of talk amongst the fair sex of a town not many miles from Edinburgh. At assembling of a sewing circle the girls procured a suit of clothing belonging to the master of the house, and stuffing it full of material they readily formed an excellent effigy of a man. With this they made considerable sport, pulling it all about the room. One young lady placed its arms around her neck to see just how it would appear were the object a real live one. Thus they enjoyed a pleasant afternoon, which was somewhat of an improvement to their sewing circle."

DEVICES FOR DEFRAUDING THE PUBLIC.

The Manner in Which the Crafty Set-to Work to Obtain Money Without Actual Labour.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If you wish to purchase anything it is always best to patronise a legitimate tradesman, and never buy anything you don't actually require because it is cheap. Perhaps you may be in a mood to speculate a little money just for the sake of excitement, if so, venture it in a quiet game with friends, who, like yourself, are seeking a little enjoyment. Then you will get a fair run for your money. Going against other people's games is bad business, and bound to terminate in a disastrous manner, because a man who depends upon gambling and trickery for a livelihood will only present sure things to a public easily beguiled. It is an old game worked pretty successfully in all parts of the world for a man dressed in a sailor's uniform to proffer you smuggled cigars at an exceptionally low price. He resorts to the utmost secrecy in telling the story, and will prevail upon you to give one of the cigars a trial before purchasing the box. The top layer is always good, and those are really the ones you purchase. The remaining cigars will invariably prove to be of the vilest kinds of tobacco possible, and unfit to smoke. Throwing the ball at figures appears to be innocent pastime, but it is costly because you couldn't knock over a figure if you shot them with a cannon. Working three shells is a sure winner for the man who moves the shells, because, when you look for the little ball he has it stuck to his finger, and he is safe in betting you any odds it's not under any of them. The wheel of fortune catches people over and over again, and certainly looks fair enough, but under the table is generally placed a pnpch rod strong enough to stop the wheels on a railway carriage. In the States they run what are termed pool rooms, where men and boys squander their money on betting on the French pool system. In the end the house gets all the money.

The tin horse racecourse is fair enough for a speculation, but the little bank is the only sure winner. Buying jewellery on the easy payment system from travelling members of the Hebrew persuasion means a high price for a poor article. What is known as the envelope game is generally worked upon unsuspecting countrymen mostly at fairs and near racecourses, and it takes three men to fleece one mug.

The three card racket is one of the oldest known, and catches mugs every time, because it looks like a sure thing to pick out the lady. The fact that the hand is quicker than the eye is sufficient evidence that the trickster will get the advantage. If a man don't take the bait readily, the "capper" bends a corner on the card to be selected, and then, in giving the three tickets a toss, that corner is straightened and another bent, all in one move of the fingers of the right hand. Three card thievary is worked everywhere, and especially in a railway carriage.

SHE MADE THEM SETTLE.

A Trio of Mexicans who Found their Match in a Woman.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In Mexico, there are hordes of wretches who exist on what they can pilfer from the legitimate tradesman, and it frequently occurs that the victim accepts a less value than risk having serious trouble. A curious incident occurred a short time since in a public-house that will not soon be forgotten. A trio of toughs entered the place in question, and after they had drunk all their skins could hold of the liquor in sight they set to work to devastate the bottles behind the bar. Just as they were about to leave the bar, the wife of the proprietor entered with pistol in hand, and, pointing it at the obnoxious characters forced them to disgorge what money and jewellery they possessed. This they did with exceedingly bad grace, and though each was armed with firearms none of them dared murmur. They felt relieved to get away unscathed, and will in future avoid calling again at that establishment.

DUELLING ENCOURAGED IN RUSSIA.

The new law promulgated lately by the Emperor of Russia himself, according to which duelling is obligatory upon officers of the army, not only whenever they themselves fancy they have been insulted, but likewise whenever anybody else thinks they have, is already bearing fruit. Detailed accounts reach St. Petersburg every other day of duels between young officers who are intimate friends, and never dreamt of offending each other, simply because, when joking among themselves, one of the party said or did something which in the opinion of somebody else ought to prove insulting. Thus, we read of one young man being shot by another, whose best friend he is, and with whom he had no quarrel of any kind, being compelled to call him out by the officers' "Court of Honour," which has been instituted in accordance with the recent imperial law; and of another promising young fellow in the south who is now disabled for the rest of his life because forced to fight with a comrade who never said a cross word to him. In all these cases, the alternative is fight or leave the army, and no one dares to choose the latter. At least, no one had the courage necessary before last week, when a very interesting case unfolded itself in the city of Kertch. At a ball given by the local club there, the leader of the dances was a young Lieutenant P., who took possession of two vacant chairs—one for himself and one for his partner—in the vicinity of the orchestra. He left the room for a moment, and on his return found the chairs occupied by a young civilian and his partner. He requested the latter to vacate the chairs and have others brought in their stead. But the civilian politely but firmly refused. "I took possession of these chairs long ago," he explained, "before you came to them, and I cannot give them up. I am quite willing, however, to go and order a pair of chairs for you, which will be brought to you in half-a-minute." Thereupon the officers, who constituted more than half of the guests, threatened to leave the club in a body unless the young civilian was expelled then and there. The club committee refused to expel him, having no ground for such an extreme measure, and the officers forthwith left the club-room and retired. Next day the commander of the regiment informed of what had taken place, convened the Court of Honour and laid the matter before them. Among the witnesses were the young civilian and the lieutenant. Both deposed that no insulting or even impolite language had passed between them, and the former further declared that nothing was further from his intention than to wound the feelings or reflect upon the honour of the lieutenant. The Court of Honour, however, decided that Lieutenant P. must challenge the young civilian to a duel within five days or else leave the army. The young man, who was a favourite in the service, at once informed his superiors that he would send in his resignation, but would under no circumstances challenge a man who had done him no wrong. He had no abstract objection to duelling itself, which, since the new imperial ukase, has been taken under the wing of the Orthodox Church, but he has a decided objection to kill or maim in time of peace a man who has done him no ill whatever. The affair is causing a great sensation in military circles, where not one in a thousand would venture to imitate the example which most people admire as heroic.

Miss: "I wouldn't marry for money, would you?"

Mrs.: "Um—well, not the second time."

* * *

Goodman: "There's a terrible amount of drinking at the seaside."

Van Soke: "No wonder. The sight of so much water is enough to make any one want a little whiskey."

THEY SAY

— That the rehearsals for the new Drury Lane drama by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton are progressing favourably, and the production may be expected about the second week in September.

* * *

— That Ormuz has died on his passage out to America on board the *Mohawk*. It is, perhaps, a matter for surprise that so hardy a horse should have succumbed where so many thousand others have crossed safely.

* * *

— That a communication has been received in London from the Governor of Portland Prison, stating that the convict Wells, of Monte Carlo fame, would not be allowed to receive a visitor at present, he having committed a breach of the prison rules.

* * *

— That Celestine M'Laney, aged about 65, a man of colour, and a native of California, of no fixed abode, died suddenly in the Lillie Road the other day. He last year was engaged at Boyton's, represented "Uncle Tom in the Cabin," and used to show visitors curiosities and marks of slavery. He was unable to continue at the exhibition owing to ill-health, and had since been living on the kindness of his friends. It was a difficult job to keep gin away from him. The coroners' jury returned a verdict of "Death from heart disease."

* * *

— That Senhor Antonio Bermejo, an influential deputy, has been engaged for the defence of Mr. Jabez Balfour in his appeal to the Supreme Court against the order for his extradition delivered by the Federal judge at Salta. Much importance is attached here to the selection of Senhor Bermejo for the task. It is improbable that the decision of the Argentine Supreme Court upon the appeal can be given before October.

* * *

— That Private Luff, of the London Rifle Brigade, is a marksman whose success is growing monotonous. He has just been announced as winner of the Regimental Gold Badge, the trophies already won by him this year including the Regimental Gold Medal and the Championship. This makes the third season in succession, and the fourth in the last six years, in which he has carried off these coveted distinctions.

* * *

— That a remarkable scene occurred at Nevada City, Nevada, August 22, when, at the termination of a prolonged trial over a disputed right to a large mining property in Nevada County, the presiding judge, John Eckley, was seized by the defendant, a man named Edward Ellis (who had lost the action), and publicly horsewhipped. The assailant was a powerful man, while the judge was undersized, and so the latter was badly hurt. As soon as Judge Eckley was able to free himself he drew his revolver and shot Ellis in the chest. Ellis will probably die.

* * *

— That a well-known composer of operettas had promised his little five-year-old to take him to the concert, and to the little one's great joy the father made good his promise and took him to see and hear the "Danube." After the opera, in answer to his father's question as to how he liked it, the little one said, quite earnestly: "You know, papa, I also will become a great composer; it is so easy. Even Strauss has stolen everything;" and bending over to his father he whispered to him, "I have heard all this on the piano organ."

* * *

— That Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has found a recruiting-sergeant who may be the harbinger of success. This sergeant wears no uniform, flaunts no ribbons, waits at no public-houses, is, wonderful to say, a lady. Miss Gould has for many years been known for her work among the vilest in London, and has lately turned her attention to young thieves. Having got hold of them she never feels safe about them until they have accepted the Queen's shilling. The reason she gives is worth noting. It is not so much the industry and discipline as the severe way theft is punished among the soldiers themselves. Everything in the army has to be paid for, and money is scarce; a detected thief is not usually reported, but when night comes, he and a riding whip make the most intimate acquaintance. If other good workers in the same line follow Miss Gould, a knotty question will be solved. In the course of her work Miss Gould had a wonderful adventure and escape. Her house was for a time a refuge for all those who might be described as "down on their luck." One visitor excited in her a strange and unaccountable repugnance. As he was small and she was powerfully built, her dread of him seemed extraordinary. One night, by one of those intuitions which are unaccountable, except on the theory of the guardian angels, she felt sure he was secreted in the house. Search was made, and he was found in a cellar. "You had better let me go," he said, and was let go. A few days later a police inspector said in interviewing Miss Gould on the matter, "You did well to let him go, madam; the man was Charles Peace."

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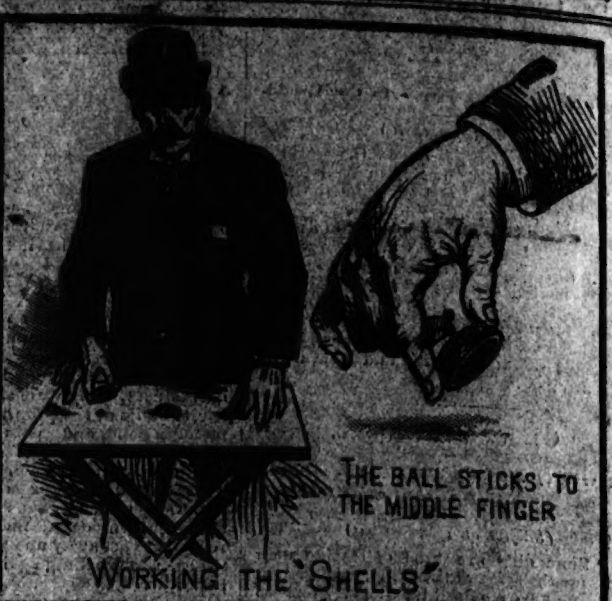

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